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WOOLWICH ACADEMY.

THE disclosures made this week with regard to the management of the Academy at Woolwich have not a little surprised those who were ignorant of the principles on which the great military schools are conducted. The Horse Guards, having undertaken the responsibility of training candidates for the service, might reasonably be expected to organize a system adequate to the successful accomplishment of the task. Parents who sent their children to public schools and the Universities were acquainted with the regulations prescribed, and the only justifiable pretence for superseding these institutions was, that at Sandhurst and Woolwich incomparable facilities were afforded for the prosecution of studies in military science. It was shown, in this journal, very recently, that no such claim to superiority can be established. The Universities were immeasurably better training-ground than the military schools, and Government interference was not only unnecessary, but extremely injudicious. To bestow commissions, without purchase, exclusively on the cadets of Woolwich and Sandhurst, was, of course, to shut out from competition all who had received instruction from other sources ; and the effect of this was to place the pupils in the absolute power of those who were to decide on their professional qualifications. At a University, occasional neglect—such as even the most studious might fall into without any great culpability—could be atoned for by subsequent earnest application ; at the military schools it was placed on permanent record against the cadet, and weighed heavily in the balance against him when the day of examination drew nigh. The favourable prospects of a life might be utterly dispersed by some venal act of youthful folly ; or a crabbed tutor might, in a fit of ill-temper, be the means of ruining his pupil, as a punishment for some trivial misdemeanour. Parents were repeatedly amazed at finding sons who had been well-conducted and persevering at school, dismissed from Woolwich or Sandhurst as hopelessly insubordinate ; and it was almost impossible to obtain any explanation of a step which shattered their well-founded expectations and attached a heavy stigma to their children. The schoolmaster had, in fact, the power to make or mar the boy's career ; and very often the intellectual qualities or attainments of a cadet availed him nothing in the eyes of his judges, if he had indulged in some thoughtless but harmless frolic.

Obviously the least the authorities could have done, when assuming responsibilities like these, was to be certain that the regulations were such as the cadets might conform to without having reason to complain of any great hardship. Since so much depended upon uniform good conduct, the discipline ought not to have been more strict than at the Universities, and the cadet of ordinarily regular and temperate habits should have had a chance of passing through the test without irredeemably committing himself. The Horse Guards has chosen to take an exactly opposite course. If its rules had been specially designed to entrap the students at all times and seasons they could scarcely have been drawn up in any other form than the present. They are vexatious, tyrannical, unjust, puerile, and most unwise, even when applied to those for whom they were originally intended—boys of from fourteen to seventeen years of age. To make the present cadets amenable to them is an almost incomprehensible error of judgment. Young men of twenty-two are now treated precisely as if they were refractory children. They are sent to bed in the dark, and compelled to sleep four in a room ; they are not allowed to have more than £2 every

half year "pocket money ;" they must not change their linen oftener than thrice a week ; they must live on the commonest fare, and upon an inadequate allowance of that ; they must not be out later than seven in the evening ; and a very short space of time is allowed them for exercise. Should an unhappy youth be detected in the act of smoking tobacco, he is imprisoned in a black hole, six feet by eight, for forty-eight hours. It may be very expedient to check the practice of smoking, but are the rules we have indicated those to which young men can be expected to adhere ? Are they not rather provocative of insubordination and discontent ? The sleeping arrangements are scarcely consistent with common decency, and can we wonder that young men should object to be condemned to herd together whether they like their companions or not ? Luxurious arrangements no one expects to find in a school or college, but the Governors of the Woolwich Academy are not justified in compelling the students to imitate the domestic manners of the inhabitants of a common lodging-house.

The inevitable consequence of treating men as though they were children, and requiring them to follow regulations whose only object one might imagine to have been to excite disgust and irritation, has just happened at Woolwich. The cadets revolted. The guns were charged with loaves of hard bread, the drill swords were scattered about in all directions, and stones were thrown at the Governor's house. The disaffection was so general, and so unmistakably manifested, that the authorities were constrained to yield ; and the first thing the students demanded was a commission of inquiry into the general management of the Academy. A request so reasonable could scarcely have been refused ; and three field-officers were appointed to make the necessary investigation. It has been deferred only too long already. Candidates for the service had no choice but to proceed to Woolwich or Sandhurst, and there it was extremely difficult for them to go through the curriculum of studies without involving themselves in some difference with the authorities. Surely it is not after this mode that training colleges for the future officers of our army should be carried on.

In an age when so much thought is given to the great educational problem, it is not seemly that the Government schools should furnish conspicuous examples of failure and incompetency. The country will not be satisfied until great changes are made. It will not suffice for the Commissioners to deal severely with the ringleaders in the late disturbances. The public sympathy is really more with them than with the Horse Guards, which had no right, in the first place, to impose a compulsory system of education on those who desired to enter the army, and still less right to abuse the monopoly thus created, and render the schools hateful to all who were acquainted with their constitution. Insist upon the preservation of salutary and needful discipline, but do away with that exercise of authority which cannot be to the advantage of the cadets or of the country, and which is nothing better than a wanton display of tyranny. The mistakes that have been committed at Woolwich Academy must be sought out and removed, but the Commissioners will do well not to attempt to make the cadets answerable for all that has lately happened. They were incited to disobedience ; and those who are the real originators of the mischief have no excuse for darkening their lives and carrying misery and disappointment to hundreds of homes, by inflicting severe punishment for what few will regard as an offence. There can now be less doubt than ever that the principle on which these military



colleges are founded is essentially bad, and the system upon which they are carried on does not compensate, in any way, for the original mistake. There is no necessity for special colleges. Boys are never so well educated as when they are thrown into the society of numbers who are being prepared for various professions; and it is easy to see that a multitude of small jealousies are avoided by training barristers, clergymen, engineers, and officers together, instead of isolating each class. The tendency of the latter course is pernicious to all parties concerned. What we have termed the "cosmopolitan character" of English education cannot be destroyed without the introduction of a narrow-minded element into what has hitherto been characterised by broad and liberal principles. This mischievous tendency appears to be inseparable from the constitution of the military academies; and we can scarcely doubt that the attention of the House of Commons will be invited to the whole subject next session. If, however, the colleges must be retained, let them at least be managed by competent persons. The country must not be scandalized by a periodical occurrence of riots among those who may be called upon hereafter to take the command of our soldiers, and to maintain discipline still more severe than that against which they rebelled in earlier years.

OVERLAND TELEGRAPH FROM NEW YORK TO ASIA.

AMID the all but overwhelming din and uproar of the unnatural contest that rages in America, there comes to us, from the other side of the Atlantic, a piece of information on which it is pleasant to reflect. The same journals that report the tragic incidents of the battle of Edward's Ferry, and the growing desperation of North and South, announce that telegraphic communication has been successfully established between New York and San Francisco. These two great cities, the one the commercial emporium of the Atlantic, and the other of the Pacific, have practically abolished the whole width of the continent that lies between them, and each now communicates to the other its wants and wishes with as much ease and rapidity as New York communicates with Brooklyn or Hoboken. In a direct line, Liverpool and Boston are nearer to each other than New York and San Francisco, so that the wires have been suspended for a distance far greater than that which divides Europe and America. They cross the gorges of the Rocky Mountains—traverse the wide wildernesses that surround Utah and the homes of the Mormons—penetrate the valleys and passes of the Sierra Nevada—and find a provisional terminus in San Francisco. If suspended in a direct line, "as the crow flies," the wires would extend for nearly two thousand five hundred miles; but with the windings and deflections necessary to connect all the great commercial and strategical points on the route, their span doubles that enormous distance. At any other time than one of civil war, the completion of such a magnificent undertaking would have set the imagination of our susceptible cousins in a blaze of excitement; and they would have re-enacted, for their own glorification, and perhaps for the world's amusement, the mad rejoicings that celebrated the transmission of the first and almost only message sent across the ocean by the luckless Atlantic telegraph.

But the deed is not the less effectually done because the American mind is not in the mood to make a sensation out of it. A few months ago it took twenty-five days to communicate between Washington and San Francisco. Communication can now be made in less than half an hour; and although the war almost wholly engrosses their attention and anxiety, the Americans are sufficiently proud of the result they have achieved, to plan the means of accomplishing much more. It would not have been possible in peace, neither is it probable in war, that San Francisco would have remained the Ultima Thule of telegraphic enterprise, and already, even in the midst of a struggle that might well explain and excuse any amount of procrastination, the Federal Government has taken measures for extending the communication northwards, along the whole Pacific seaboard of the State of California and the territory of Washington; and thence, with the consent and aid of the British authorities, through the newly established colony of British Columbia. At the parallel of about 54 degrees N., the wires will leave British and enter upon Russian America; and the Russian Government giving zealous aid and liberal encouragement to the project, they will be carried as far north as Behring's Straits, to Cape Prince of Wales, or some other point on the American continent, whence the distance to Asia will not very greatly exceed that which separates Dover from Calais. When once the submarine cable shall be successfully laid down in that narrow link of sea, the completion of the enterprise may be safely left in the hands of the Russian Government, and the wires will in due time be extended to the Russian settlements on the Amoor, and thence to St. Petersburg. How long it will take to accomplish so splendid a work it is difficult, if not impossible to calculate, but it is as certain as anything human can be, that it will be completed sooner or later; and that in a future and not very remote time (perhaps even in a year or two), Great Britain and Western Europe will receive their first American, as well as Chinese and Japanese news by way of Tartary and St. Petersburg. Cunard's ocean steamers will continue,

as heretofore, to bring us letters and newspapers from New York and Boston; but the great facts of contemporary history will reach us from the other hemisphere, by that subtler agency which substitutes minutes for days, and virtually annihilates the obstructions of Time and Space in administering to our curiosity.

Were it not for the permanent failure of the Atlantic Telegraph, the event would be less important than it is. But the cables of that noble though abortive project are sunk at the bottom of the ocean; and could they be re-established in the same state of efficiency as that in which they remained for the few days during which they were able to convey distinct messages from shore to shore, it is doubtful, in the present state of electric science, whether there do not exist magnetic electric conditions in such a vast body of water as the Atlantic Ocean, that render continuous communication often impossible—or when possible, so costly as to be wholly unremunerative to the capitalists who might be induced to invest money in the undertaking, and who can only act from commercial considerations. The telegraphic line from San Francisco to Behring's Straits and Asia, will, if successfully established, allow more time for overcoming the difficulties which have hitherto baffled the promoters of the Ocean Telegraph; and we can but admire and wish prosperity to the speculators and the Government, who, in a time of unexampled difficulty and peril, have given the world the first instalment of a work that, in its completion, will be one of the greatest triumphs of modern civilization.

AUGUSTUS AND NAPOLEON.

M. HAUSMAN, the Préfet of the Seine, boasted that Napoleon III, like Augustus, had found his capital made of bricks and would leave it made of marble. He must have presumed largely on the servility or the ignorance of history of his hearers before he could have thought it safe to venture on such an allusion. There is no prince of modern or ancient times with whom it is more imprudent for the friends of the Emperor of the French to compare him than the Emperor Augustus. The similarity is too great and too ominous. Both made themselves absolute despots, and by the same process; both availed themselves of the forms of liberty to destroy its vitality; both appealed to popular institutions in order to crush the independence and political existence of every individual citizen. Augustus did not make himself an absolute monarch in the same sense as the Czar; he passed no law and issued no decree which conferred on the Master of the State supreme and uncontrolled power. He wore no new title; but under the old familiar designation of Emperor, Tribune, Consul, he absorbed every power in the State, and could plead a distinct authority from popular times for every act which he did. He swallowed up the whole public life of the nation in himself: "L'Etat, c'est moi," was truer yet of Augustus than of Louis XIV. One great advantage of this mode of procedure was, that he did not shock public feeling by any new and unknown assumption of arbitrary power; he never aroused their alarm or indignation, as if some monstrosity of political violence was about to overshadow them. Everything went on smoothly; the despot only filled the old offices; his functions were all grounded in law; the only change was, that he was perpetual and universal functionary, and there was no one legally qualified to dispute his will.

Napoleon III. walks in the footsteps of his Roman predecessor. The empire was founded, and Napoleon created emperor, by apparently the most popular and democratic process known to history. The appeal was made to the whole people, and every Frenchman was offered the choice of having Napoleon Bonaparte for his sovereign or a republic. What could be more liberal? How can a man be said more truly to reign by the election and favour of the people? The answer is easy. Louis Napoleon not only had the sagacity to perceive that universal suffrage was indeed democracy dominant, but also that the vote of a whole nation, in which every citizen should take an equal part, could do nothing more than choose a master; it could not guarantee liberty or found a constitution. A constitution is liberty secured by an equilibrium of forces, by complicated political machinery, by checks and counter-checks, by division of political power, and a well-balanced adjustment of the machinery of government. Such an instrument of rule may possibly be formed by philosophical thought, and bestowed on a country from above; or, much better, as in England, it may spring up by a growth of ages, protected by the resolution of a people who have learnt to appreciate its value, and to make themselves familiar with its working; but it is certain that it cannot emanate out of a vote of universal suffrage. This fact is what Louis Napoleon saw and converted into a foundation for despotism; he proved it to be a political sham, but he has largely profited by the discovery.

Since his election to the throne he has taken great care to work the vein which he opened so successfully. He has granted Chambers based on universal suffrage, and elective Municipal Councils, and has endowed them with the semblance of great powers. His Chambers examine the Budget, and vote the numbers of the military and naval forces; but they are the shadows only of living bodies, destitute of vitality. The elections are overpowered by influence or intimidation; and the Chambers faithfully reproduce the

image of those notorious assemblies of the First Empire, in which men who showed what they thought by their language in the *salons*, were a spectacle to Europe of adulation, servility, and, as was natural, of treachery. So, again, with military conquest. The imperial troops always march under the banner of an idea, and always, too, an idea of the purest liberal order—equality, fraternity, the destruction of tyrants, the rights of nationalities, the succour of the weak and the oppressed—these are the watchwords which set French drums rolling, and inspire French battalions with the belief that they are urged on by the enthusiasm of a holy cause. But what tale did the campaign of 1859 and the Peace of Villafranca tell? What echo of these glorious sounds is found in the actual policy of the Tuilleries? The liberation of Italy was a plausible cover for a dynasty of Bonapartes; and to this day, united Italy is compelled to learn that the rights of country and the impulses of patriotism are held to be valid only against Austrians. But whence then—it is often asked—this everlasting conflict between the ideas of France and her practice, between her proclamation of liberty abroad and her slavery at home? Are her ideas the invention of imposture, unfelt and unbelieved in, put forth only to ensnare revolutionary folly throughout the world? Such an opinion would do great injustice to France. The great Revolution, in spite of the crimes that dishonoured it, had its origin in noble aspirations and generous impulses; and, for the honour of humanity be it said, France has never entirely lost the splendid truths of which she then had a vision.

A slave at home and a Liberal abroad: such is the France of our day. Of this double truth M. Michel Chevalier sees one half; he knows that France awakens generous ideas in foreign nations, but he is blind to the servitude which weighs upon his countrymen. The imperfection of vision is easily explained in his case; he is a political economist, and the Empire promotes Free Trade. The triumph of the principle of his profession makes amends for every other loss; the Empire is simply Free Trade, and nothing else, to M. Chevalier. But the explanation of the inconsistency which so strangely characterizes his notion is not so obvious. It may be found in the events which preceded the great Revolution, and the character of that revolution itself. The thinkers and writers who prepared that political convulsion were the most daring deniers of all authority, the most destructive exterminators of loyalty and reverence, the most reckless asserters of the opinion of their own times, and the deadliest despisers of the past that the world has ever witnessed. They implanted this leaven deep in the mind of France; and it has fermented ever since. It has pervaded the whole mass; every Frenchman is animated by it; the homogeneousness of the entire people in this respect is marvellous. Liberal ideas are rooted deeply in French thought; they have a positive existence there; and must of necessity obtain expression by some means.

Then why not in France itself? Why have not the famed publicists and philosophers of the eighteenth century made the French a free people? Why is the nation which conceived the broadest formula of liberty the one which seems hopelessly incapable of escaping the bondage of a master? Because its revolution was only destructive, and too destructive; because it knew not how to found institutions, or avoid the supreme folly of breaking entirely with the past. Unlike its English predecessor in the seventeenth century, it swept away existing forms; and freedom was left naked and defenceless. Every rallying point, every centre of action, whether local or metropolitan, every organization which knit men together, and gave them something to defend, was ruthlessly destroyed; and Frenchmen were left a heap of units, a rope of sand. There was no body in which the spirit could dwell; no fortress to arrest the march of a conqueror. The aristocracy perished, the gentry were involved in their ruin, the local parliaments, the municipal organizations, the integrity of estates—all were carried away by the storm. The house was swept and garnished; and the evil spirit had but to enter. France became homogeneous; every man as isolated as his neighbour; and what more can despotism wish for, in order to obtain success?

Hence the barrenness of French efforts to consolidate freedom, whether at home or abroad. France upheaves the world with ideas, but what institution has she founded? what child of freedom owns her for its parent? She joined, indeed, with England in establishing the parliamentary government of Belgium; yet ever since she has courted the incorporation of that country into her own absolute system. She blew a loud blast on the emancipation of nationalities, when her troops crossed the Cenis into Italy; yet is not her own conspicuous violation of the rights of nationalities the one cause that Italy is unable to settle down into order and unity? It cannot be otherwise: the nation that does not care to have a Parliament of her own cannot possibly be sincere in procuring one for others. But may not the malady lie yet deeper? May not this be an element in modern ultra-Liberalism, which is thoroughly repugnant to parliamentary government? Certainly there are few stranger sights than the vehement affection which English Radicals exhibit for Napoleonic rule, and their profound indifference to the contemptuous suppression of every right of the subject in France. It may well excite misgivings as to what the fate of England would be, if the old-

fashioned English freedom were superseded by the grander success and more logical accuracy of Manchester democracy. Warnings have not failed for those who were willing to consider them. The applause which greeted the accomplished art by which the French Chambers were defrauded out of the expression of their opinion, and a Free Trade treaty erected on the ruins of the lingering relics of parliamentary government in France, was a sign which it well behoves the people of England to give heed to. Free Trade is an excellent thing—no one doubts it; but freedom is yet better, for it bestows something incomparably more valuable than money: and we should like Mr. Bright to inform us whether the goodness of a despot's measures justifies the despotism which enacts them. If so, the funeral bell of parliamentary government is tolling.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE Corporation of the City of London has once more exercised its annual privilege of closing several important thoroughfares against all traffic during the most valuable hours of the day. It might have been expected that a Lord Mayor who has evinced ambition for greater honours than those which citizens can confer would gladly have avoided the ridiculous exhibition of the ninth of November; but Mr. Cubitt was unable to resist the temptation of being driven through a crowd in a tawdry coach, preceded by a miserable imitation of the "spectacles" got up by the company of a provincial circus, and followed by a gang of the lowest ruffians in the metropolis. The obstruction of traffic used to be confined to Cheapside and Ludgate-hill; now it has extended to Fleet-street, the Strand, and Parliament-street, and the vehement hisses that saluted the Lord Mayor along this route may have convinced him that the day has gone by for childish pageants, and ludicrous displays of theatrical finery and tinselled old clothes, in the very heart of the metropolis. Unless prejudice or excessive vanity blind him, he must have realized the truth that he is placed in an utterly false position by being turned into a raree show, and made to resemble the figures which were drawn about the streets by the boys only four days previously. The assumption of any office in such a form as that witnessed last Saturday would be a foolish and undignified proceeding—for a chief magistrate to sanction and encourage it is nothing less than to degrade an honourable post, and to caricature the law. The mob who swarmed after the "State" coach on Saturday estimated the whole affair at its true value when they levelled their coarse jibes at him who, as they were probably aware, is destined to consign more than half of them to gaol during the ensuing year. For a few hours at least they had an opportunity of mocking the lawgiver without the fear of punishment before their eyes.

It is not to be supposed that the high officers of State in this country will even indirectly countenance these vulgar celebrations; and no one but the Lord Mayor and his colleagues could be surprised to find that their invitations were contemptuously rejected by those whose presence they most desired. The "merchant princes," the men who really make the City what it is, and who give it its importance, were absent. The Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England were, indeed, in the Guildhall; but they had scarcely the option of a choice, and were compelled to follow established usage. Lord Palmerston found himself in the same predicament, and he testified his opinion of the company by saying as little, and by leaving them as early as possible. Only one other member of the Cabinet could be induced to attend, and but two foreign Ministers of any note consented to sacrifice an evening. Even Earl Russell, now that he has no longer need to pay court to the citizens, declined to avail himself of the Lord Mayor's hospitality. It was hard that after being exposed in the day-time to the quiet satire and raillery of the Lord Chief Baron, the host should find in the evening loving cup no drop of sweetness. Baron Pollock was perhaps inexcusably merciless in announcing to the Lord Mayor that he was not surpassed by a chief magistrate who, of all his predecessors, "is always the wonder and delight of the younger portion of the community, who is supposed to have been summoned back to his good fortune by the joy-bells of London, and the success of whose first commercial speculation still serves to excite the youthful imagination. For it is understood," added the playful judge, "when learned antiquaries came to investigate the matter, that he was not elected thrice Lord Mayor, and that he received no more than the honour you now enjoy of being elected a second time." A Lord Mayor who could derive pleasure from being escorted a second time to Westminster by a party of discarded actors arrayed in the mummary of Holywell-street, would probably experience a thrill of gratification at this comparison with Dick Whittington; but to ordinary men such an allusion, even if it were made a long while after dinner, would come with an unpleasant savour of sarcasm.

The truth is, that it must be an extremely difficult task to offer congratulations in a plausible form to a functionary who surrounds his office with the attractions of a penny show. There is no man living so well adapted to get through these trials with success as Lord Palmerston; and the other evening he distinguished himself greatly

in the art of addressing an audience without saying anything. The citizens probably expected to digest their turtle while the Premier was familiarly disclosing to them his plans for the approaching session; but Lord Palmerston knew the sort of men with whom he had to deal, and favoured them with a neat recapitulation of his last year's speech. Politeness is a duty in the First Minister of the Crown, and Lord Palmerston could scarcely do less than tell the guests that he was greatly pleased to "mix" with them, although we can imagine an incredulous listener eying narrowly the corners of his Lordship's mouth as he spoke, and looking for the twig which *Punch* always places therein. Even the gay-hearted Premier, to whom the small hypocrisies of life are easy, must have felt relief in passing from these hollow courtesies to the Volunteers, who are well entitled to the praise they received. A few words touching America, and another expression of goodwill towards the citizens who sat at the feast, and Lord Palmerston could resume his seat with the consoling thought that he had given the Corporation a stone instead of bread, and had told the guests no more than his footmen might any day hear in the dining-room at Broadlands.

The American Minister, not yet having acquired that familiarity with civic festivals which produces contempt, took the trouble to explain his views with reference to the disastrous differences that have arisen across the Atlantic. He may not find many to agree with him in thinking that diplomacy, as at present conducted, "is one of the greatest inventions of modern times;" and the example he adduces is singularly infelicitous, insomuch that warfare has, in truth, very seldom been "averted by negotiation." The arts of diplomacy were fruitlessly exhausted in the endeavour to "avert" the Crimean war, or the still more recent campaign in Italy. Would any mediation be effectual between the contending States in America? Her Minister is much more likely to gain our sympathy, when he assures us that there shall be none of the trickiness or unfair secrecy, popularly attributed to diplomatists, in his transactions with the English Government; and we sincerely trust that his countrymen generally accord with his opinions concerning the desirability of maintaining the most friendly relations between England and America. The Northern newspapers proclaim entirely opposite sentiments; but this is not the fault of the American Minister, whom we may fairly congratulate on the sound and enlightened judgment he evinces.

Notwithstanding this single noteworthy speech, the Lord Mayor's banquet must be pronounced a failure, and no one is probably more alive to the fact than the Lord Mayor himself. Year after year the difficulty increases of inducing public men to be present at these festivals, and few besides minor shopkeepers swell the promiscuous ruck at the tables. That the leading men of the City should invariably be absent is a fact as significant as it is incontrovertible, and it reveals the general opinion with which the Corporation has come to be regarded. Its taxes and its dues, its slowness to correct abuses, its reluctance to depart from old forms, however mischievous in their tendency, its extravagance in purely selfish objects, and its insensibility to the duties which the age requires of it, have raised up ineradicable prejudices against it, and the day cannot be far distant when the reform it refuses to carry out for itself will be forced upon it by the House of Commons. There is no reason why the wealthiest city in the world should not recover the position to which its importance entitles it, and which it never would have lost but for mismanagement and displays of meanness, appropriately illustrated by the preposterous exhibition of Saturday last.

TURKEY.

HOWEVER important the preservation of the independence of Turkey may be to the balance of power in Europe, we fear that the prospect of the permanent maintenance of that independence while the Crescent dominates is growing fainter and fainter. Turkey is sinking every day, financially, morally, and physically, till, in the belief of many well informed as to the state of the country, the day of the final extinction of the Sultan's European power is close at hand. If, as the Turk retires across the Bosphorus or dies prematurely old in consequence of his sensual habits, we could introduce new blood by rendering possible, or profitable, or attractive, a Christian immigration into Turkey, we might fill up the space left by those that are dislodged, and thus also regenerate the nation. The success of Christian—especially the American Christian—missionaries in making converts, though real, is slow, and, besides, it has been lately very much retarded by the complications of their country. The system of encouraging the immigration of Christians is alone to be relied on as effective for the political purposes sought by the maintenance of Turkey in Europe. It is, because in the judgment of most statesmen of mark, the independence of Turkey is indispensable as a breakwater to Russian ambition, and not from any affection for Mahometanism, we defended the Turkish empire in the Crimean war, and threw back a year or two the determined march of the Czar in that direction. But no sacrifice we have made, no exertion put forth by us, has taught the Mussulman either gratitude or amendment. Those spasmodic efforts which every

other month are quoted as the beginnings of Turkish regeneration, are as destitute of power as they are of permanence. They end in nothing, unless it be in deeper and more rapid Turkish decay. There is therefore, we repeat, no prospect of internal improvement unless by the infusion of Christians or the conversion of Mahometans. Both should be sought. Commerce should take charge of the one, and Christianity will attend to the other.

The reasons of this hopeless condition of the Turk lie deep and ineradicable in his religion. It is not his physical, but his religious condition and obligations that make him what he is. What are the political lessons inculcated in the Koran? On what are the great questions of peace and war to depend?

"Islamism must be propagated all over the earth by the sword, to which is given power to open Paradise and Hell."

"All those infidels who do not consent to embrace the Faith must be exterminated."

"The holy war is the first virtue of man. A Mussulman who shall have warred with infidels, even for a single minute, goes straight to Paradise."

"All the good things of the earth belong of right divine to Mussulmans. It is lawful, therefore, to deprive the unbelievers of them, either by fraud, or force, or robbery, or by any means whatsoever."

"A Mussulman must make no peace with infidels, except as a necessity; and then only to give time to repair their losses and commence the war again with more success."

"No treaty made with infidels is binding on Mahometans."

Is it possible for men, who hold these sanguinary, selfish, and intolerant principles to be the very mind of God, and as such necessary to be carried out if they would escape everlasting misery and enter into Paradise, ever to become a people—a prosperous nation—a vigorous and manly race? All experience shows it is impossible. Turkey can be made a nation only by getting rid of Turks. If, then, we would preserve it from absorption by Russia or from occupation by France, we must take some steps, consistent with toleration and Christianity, to fill up the thinning ranks of a degenerate and decaying people by the introduction of vigorous growths from peoples not corrupted nor corruptible by the Koran. No doubt there are difficulties in any such efforts, but they are not impossibilities. At all events, if Turkey is to be preserved as an independent power on the terms agreed upon in 1854, something must be done in the direction we have indicated; for the decay and disappearance of the Turk are so steady, and the excess of deaths over births so regular, that it needs no prophet to announce the speedy appearance of a deserted house, and the application from more than one cabinet for lodgings in Constantinople. Government, in such a movement, probably dare not lead; but those who see the opening, or are desirous of finding one, may lodge in their memories the suggestions we have made. Less things have staved off great wars. Our age is the creation and embodiment of opinions. These, like seeds borne on the wings of the wind, may take root and fructify, and others may reap with joy the harvest we sow.

WHAT CAN THE SOUTH GAIN?

POLICY belongs essentially to the domain of reason. It is based on foresight. It looks calmly on the impulses and passions of the multitude, and excites or controls them for its purposes. It directs the energies of nations to the promotion of their own, and of the general welfare. Not from passion but from policy the leaders of the South resolved on secession, and Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his message to the Confederate Congress on April 18th, explained elaborately the reasons on which he and his colleagues acted. The objects aimed at were the good of the Southern people. They desired, above all things, "peace," and "to be let alone." It is rational, therefore, now to inquire, what they have gained and what they can gain by the secession which Mr. Davis and his associates initiated, and by the separate Confederation they have undertaken to form and govern.

Policy necessarily takes into consideration the probable actions of opponents, as well as of friends and allies. From the absolute refusal of Mr. Lincoln to acknowledge the self-declared secession of the South, and to receive its negotiators as representing an independent State, it was from the first evident that war was inevitable. His policy in refusing to acknowledge secession, is warmly and passionately supported by a large majority of the population of the Union; and as the policy of Mr. Davis was in like manner warmly and passionately supported by the population of the South, the overt act of the secessionists, it cannot be denied, was the first cause of this deplorable and inevitable war. Instead, therefore, of the "peace" which the South desires, it is exposed to the horrors of war. Instead of being "let alone" its ports are blockaded, its trade is entirely extinguished, its armies and the armies of the North are almost daily engaged in deadly conflicts. The fields, where for nearly seventy years no sound has been heard but that of the clearing axe and the cotton hoe, the crash of falling trees and of the building hammer, the clatter of hoofs on the newly made road, and, progressively, the rushing

of the locomotive and the screech of the engineer's whistle ; where no sight has been seen but acre after acre reclaimed from the wilderness, and home after home rising in quick succession, forming the village, the town, the magnificent city, the abodes of industrious, skilful, intelligent, learned, scientific men, labouring on farms or in workshops, worshipping in temples, and studying in colleges,—are now red with the blood of the people, and flare defiantly to heaven with the conflagration of their sacked and destroyed homes. Till secession was declared there was peace, with rapid progress in the Union ; now there is, chiefly in the South, destructive war. So far, it must be admitted, secession, as a policy, is a grievous failure. It has brought on the South, as on the North, great calamities.

In a military sense, the South has the advantage. It may find some consolation for the calamities of war in its successes. It may balance the glory of victory against the annihilation of trade. It may ultimately compel the North, when weary and worn out by vain efforts at conquest, to acknowledge its independence. Let us imagine this accomplished, and let us endeavour to realize, as far as our limited faculties will admit, what will then actually be the position of the Confederation and its gains by having conquered "independence."

Whatever may ultimately be the case, in the first instance the success of the South would probably compel the States of the North to remain united and form a more compact, homogenous, and firm union. They would have in the South an embittered, and in comparison with them, a powerful State, against which they must be on their guard. Great Britain, in possession of Canada on the North, would be likely, with the Confederation on the South, to compress them into continual and firm union. We are disposed to believe, from the spirit of liberty prevalent in the North, and various other circumstances not at present enumerated, that it will not readily fall into anarchy, nor under despotism, but will, in a short time after the restoration of peace, again become, as it has now been for a long period, the refuge and home of the poor, the discontented, the skilful, and enterprising people of Europe. Supposing this to be the result, the new Confederation will have in the Northern States, instead of fellow-unionists, mutual parties to a compact which bound both to mutual deference, and made one responsible, in degree, for the welfare of the other—a community of free white men, *all* animated by a hatred of slavery—all completely distinct from the black men who fill the South—and all bound by one of the strongest sentiments of human nature—to prevent the extension of this slave and black community over any part of the earth. Hitherto the free North has increased faster than the Confederate South in wealth, population, and power, and for the future is likely to increase still faster. The Confederation, then, will, through the success of secession, create a predominant antagonistic power, no longer restrained by union from carrying into effect the resolution, we may say, of all civilized society, to extirpate negro slavery from its wide domain.

Separated from the North, the Confederation will be an insignificant State. Some of its leaders, and some politicians in Europe, have flattered it by visions of a great Southern empire, but the powerful North, from the instant of separation, will become the determined opponent to the formation of such an empire. Spain, aided by Europe, and ceasing to be opposed by the North on behalf of the South, would prevent Cuba and every portion of the West Indies from becoming part of such an empire. Following its example, of seceding from a false expectation of gaining power, Texas on the one hand and Virginia on the other, disappointed in their expectation of advantage by a first secession, might try another ; and the South, falling into pieces, would utterly lose the means of maintaining its peculiar institution against reason and civilization.

The South is now teaching other nations the necessity of avoiding exclusive dependence on it for cotton. They are taking means, in various quarters, for obtaining a supply, to which the return of its supremacy in the cotton market would be hostile; and it cannot hereafter rely on the countenance and support, which it has hitherto received from cotton manufacturing nations. It will have with all the disadvantages of an additional Government, of heavy taxation to pay the expense of war, and of greatly crippled resources to meet the competition of many cotton growing people in the markets of the world. Secession will effectually prevent it from finding in another Eli Whitney, and in the wealth, ingenuity, and resources of its former colleagues, the means of recovering its profitable monopoly.

Secession implies boundaries between the new Confederation and the old Federal Union. It will imply, too, custom-houses on these boundaries, different, if not hostile tariffs, different revenue laws, and a great diminution, if not complete interruption to the perfectly free internal traffic which has contributed to the progress of the South as well as the North, and been one of the most important advantages of the Union. The South will have stronger motives than ever for securing its slaves against the contamination of freedom. It will no longer have the help of a fugitive slave law, and must guard every point of its land frontier with as much jealousy against the inroads of freedom as South Carolina guards Charleston harbour. The shipping of the North may not be employed quite so exclusively as at present in carrying away the produce of the South, but for over-sea carriage

it will still have to confide in others. It cannot be the carrier of its own slave-grown products ; the natural and indestructible freedom of roving sailors forbids it. If it ceases to receive imports through the North, it will have to pay a great additional price for them. Trade, it may be quite sure, already takes the very cheapest and best mode known of exchanging its exports for its imports, and any alteration in this mode caused by its own political devices must be disadvantageous. The course of modern civilization is to connect, by trade, by one medium of exchange, one common series of weights and measures, by an increasing diffusion of common knowledge, including that of different languages, and by a common interest, all the diverse nations of the earth. America, into which people from all parts of the world, including China and Africa, have gone, or are willingly going, seems destined, it has been concluded from this principle, to be an amalgamating home for all ; and the political secession of the Confederation, totally in opposition to this general course, cannot be otherwise, as we have shown in some detail, than ruinous to itself and injurious to society.

The Federal Union, let us add as a concluding consideration for Southern politicians, has a potential voice in the politics of the world. It has lifted itself up against Great Britain ; it has challenged France, and obtained its own terms ; it has taught Austria to respect American citizens ; it is quite on a level with the empire of Russia ; it has subdued Mexico ; it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific ; thirty-one millions of strong and intelligent people constitute a great nation. The secession of the South, followed by other secessions, incited by its pernicious example, may break into fragments this now powerful, free, and most valuable member of the community of the civilized world ; but the South never can inherit its power. What great nation will ever care a straw for anything thought, said, or done by an almost shipless community on the Gulf of Mexico, the sinews of which are negro slaves ? Secession is not the road to empire, but to insignificance and ruin.

MARTIAL LAW IN HUNGARY.

"*If they do these things in the green leaf, what will it be in the dry?*" is a question that must have forced itself upon many of us when we read, with feelings of indignation not untempered with amusement, of the vagaries of that eccentric monarch, the King of Prussia, at his coronation at Konigsberg—when, in the nineteenth century, and almost in the longitude of Greenwich, he took up his crown from the altar, put it on his head, and talked of the Divine Right of kings in general, and especially of that of the King of Prussia ; the descendant of an Elector of Brandenburg in the way of his dynasty, and of that pious monarch Frederick the Great in the way of his divinity. If trash like this comes from the mouth of a Prussian and a Protestant, what may not be expected from a Kaiser of Austria, and an upholder of the Concordat ? If ill-timed and gratuitous assertions of Divine Right are compatible with a free Bible and a Government that calls itself Constitutional, what will *not* be compatible with an autocracy directed by a woman and controlled by a Pope ? What if to these pretensions be added an enormous army, a bankrupt exchequer, a tarnished name, one province in a state of masterly but obstinate inaction, and another with an independence recently and irrecoverably achieved ? Two weeks back we ventured to predict the results ; and the beginning of our worst anticipations has already set in.

Hungary having been unreasonable in her demands and in her refusal of the Emperor's offers, he has suspended her constitution, and established martial law throughout the whole of that large country. What is the meaning of the phrase, "establishing martial law ?" The Duke of Wellington defined "martial law" as the will of the commander. In the case of one who maintained such rigid discipline as he preserved, it was so ; but in other and more frequent cases it is the will of the army. In this instance, the result is that an Austrian army of more than a hundred thousand of the most hardened and unscrupulous soldiers in Europe has had Hungary made over to it for free quarters. These troops cannot be paid ; and it is only by treating the finest portion of the empire to which they belong as a conquered province, that they can be fed. They know their business ; for even whilst the constitution was in existence, and a semblance of legality was kept up, they had indulged, with no little freedom, in violence, in extortion, and in insult. They are not, as a body, strong in historical learning ; but they probably know how the levies of Wallenstein were supported. To pay a small army, but to let a large one pay itself out of the country in which it was quartered, was the policy of Austria some three hundred years ago. Elsewhere, however, three centuries have done much towards divesting war of its barbarity.

But however enlightened and improved it may be in some respects, in others the Austria of the nineteenth century is still the Austria of the Thirty Years' War. What Bohemia was under a Wallenstein, Hungary may be under its present commander. He need not be a monster of cruelty, to do all the ill deeds which are expected of him. He may be, in his way, a mild and amiable man. He may merely be

an Austrian general, under Austrian orders, in difficult circumstances. But, whatever he may be, his army cannot but be below even the low average of military humanity. Bohemians, implicit in their obedience, unrestrained by scruples, and miserably poor; Croatians, with a reputation for brigandage of four centuries' growth; Servians from the Banat, who, as Slavonians, have no reason to love the Magyars; hungry Galicians; Germans, with their exaggerated notions of the supremacy of the Empire and of their own superiority as a race; and, above all, Italians, who think with bitterness of the Hungarian garrisons in Venetia, will form the mass of it—ignorant, brutal, passively obedient—with their pay in arrears, and with the conviction that whatever they do may be done with impunity, for a stimulus. Let us think what England would have been, had the battle of the Boyne been lost; had its parliament been dissolved; its constitution annihilated; every municipal officer submitted to a military inspector; every Lord-Lieutenant deposed; the whole population disarmed; and an Irish army, with Tyrconnel at its head, garrisoned in Dublin. Neither the wealth of the rich nor the daily bread of the poor would be safe—neither female honour, nor the grey hairs of age. Yet this is what has begun in Hungary. There will be a solitude, and they will call it peace; there will be repression, and they will call it order; and it will be in the name of peace, order, and the House of Hapsburgh, that all this will be done.

Yet the blunder is greater than the crime. Even those who believe but little in the improvement of political morality are aware, even when they put the sincerity of their contemporaries at the lowest, that there is such a thing as prophecies fulfilling their own accomplishment, and that the assumption of a virtue when we have it not, is, at times, as effective as the virtue itself. The civilized part of Europe must disapprove of such deeds as this suspension of the Hungarian constitution, and the semi-civilized moiety must feel it impossible to defend them. In England there are, of course, some few who will defend anything; but, with this fractional exception, the feeling of the country is one of pain and blame. There are many, ourselves among the number, who wish nothing more than to see Austria powerful. There are many, ourselves among the number, who would fain keep it in union with Hungary. There are many, ourselves among the number, who have always held that the extreme demands of the Magyars were unreasonable. They are many who have had no confidence in the sincerity of the Magyar sympathies for any oppressed nationality but their own, and who have seen in a great portion of the Magyar history little but a gallant egotism. Many have thought that good government and so much of their original constitution as can be made compatible with the institutions of the empire at large, was all that, in the eyes of a dispassionate looker on, they were entitled to.

But even those who love Austria most, and sympathize with Hungary least, shrink from the brutal violence which they see before them, and would weaken even the bulwark against Russia on the one side, and France on the other—as Austria wishes us to think her,—rather than see it supported by such measures as this folly of the Emperor has been driving her to. Better be sacrificed to Hungary than to herself. Better be stricken from Paris than from Vienna. Better be replaced by a Danubian Confederation, or some such extempore experiment, than be upheld by a system which is, at one and the same time, a shock to the humanity of the age, and a measure of her own weakness. For this is what her present policy is. The military occupation of Austria is like an able-bodied man taking to the highway. It shows some strength, but more poverty. A cripple could not, and a solvent man would not, do it. It shows some spirit, but no wisdom.

Above all, it dispels, in England at least, all notions as to the value of the connection with the hero of the outrage. Day by day the little sympathy that was left for the House of Hapsburgh decreases. Somewhat more slowly, but just as surely, decreases the value put upon her friendship. At the same rate diminishes the belief in the necessity for her integrity. The remnant, however, of the evening (be it of hope, or love, or of faith) disappears with the dawn. Though "Hungary be alienated, Croatia is faithful." This is the flattering unction with which the friends of Austria delude themselves, when they suddenly learn that the follies which were perpetrated at Pesth have been, even more gratuitously, repeated at Agram, and that, like the constitution of Hungary, the constitution of Croatia has been suspended. Austria is, indeed, eagerly hastening forward to its decay.

MASKS AND FACES.

"WHAT are little girls made of?" was a question often put to us of old, in our nursery days, and great surprise and some incredulity was manifested at the enumeration of the various articles which the reply to the question alleged to go to the composition of our fair playmates. "What are full-grown ladies made of?" it would seem, might be asked now. And if a report of a case in the Insolvent Court, which appeared the other day in the papers, be correct, it would appear that the answer which, in many cases, must be given to this new question, would be as startling as that which was received by the other. It was strange enough to our youthful mind to hear

of "sugar and spice," coupled in the rhyme, as they were, with "all things nice," as usurping the place of flesh and blood in the female frame. But it is still more astonishing to have it revealed to us that when that frame has become matured, and beams upon us with increased grace and beauty, those more developed charms are owing to an entirely new, and one would have thought less alluring preparation; that sugar and spice have been superseded by gums, scents, essential oils, patent varnish, and other items which can hardly be classified under the head of "all things nice;" and that, so far from having any knowledge of those inward qualities in the fair sex which, however attractive they may be, we do not pretend to behold with our eyes, we are often wholly deceived in what we actually do see. We believe we see a white forehead, and in the somewhat prosaic poetry of fashionable life pronounce it white as alabaster. We are deceived, it is alabaster itself; we gaze with rapture on the rounded symmetry of the form, on the glossy abundance of the wreathed hair, on the even rosy colour, never fading into paleness, never purpling into an unbecoming blush, but showing, as we fondly imagine, a heart unvexed by anxiety, and a natural ease of manner, free from shyness or *mauvaise honte*. Alas, the symmetry is but wool and steel; half the hair is only so far the wearer's own that she has paid, or is to pay for it; the rosy cheek is a cunning mixture of dyes; the very breath, tempting our kiss as it comes across us "like the sweet south over a bed of violets," is due to the scents and essential oils furnished by Messrs. Burgoynes, the chemists, to "Madame Rachel Levison, trading under the name of Rachel, enameller of ladies' faces and dealer in cosmetics," who is every now and then petitioning Mr. Commissioner Nichols to relieve her from the little embarrassments which she has inevitably contracted in the carrying on of her apparently lucrative, but really unprofitable trade.

There can be no doubt of the fact; it was judicially proved in open court, with the addition, that so highly are Madame Levison's labours prized by her "patronesses," that they are in the habit of paying a fee of more than twenty guineas to induce her to exercise her skill upon them. They must have a high idea of the value of her assistance. Nor has she a low notion of it herself, since she despairs to call it "a trade," but describes it as "her profession," classing it, by that dignified title, with the pursuits of the soldier, the lawyer, the physician, and the divine. Perhaps it is entitled to the distinction, since it requires the exercise of at least one virtue, inviolable honour and secrecy. Madame Levison herself is not of the number of those who, while doing good in stealth, "blush to find it fame;" but the feelings of "her patronesses," it seems, are different. They would not, perhaps, blush (since their blushes could not possibly be seen, that would only be so much good modesty thrown away) to have their patronage known, but they would divert it for the future into some other channel, and Madame Levison "would be ruined."

The great question that arises to our mind on the consideration of these facts is whether, when properly understood, they ought to heighten or to lower the esteem in which, ever since the days of chivalry, the gentlemen of modern Europe have agreed to hold woman. There is much to be said on both sides. Those who take an unfavourable view of Madame Levison's "profession" will dilate upon an adherence to nature, freedom from disguise, dislike of affectation, and a score of other virtues, all undeniably such, but all sadly old-fashioned; those who look at the question in a more friendly light, will refer to that great poet, Peter Pindar, as an authority for the superiority of Art over Nature, and looking on woman, "fresh from the hand of" Madame Levison, in Bond-street, as a work of art, and high art too, will pronounce her as such far more attractive than she could be if left to the tell-tale blushes of country-bred simplicity. Nor will this be difficult of proof to a candid mind. Every work of art is the more valuable as it is the more costly; and what a high idea must be formed of the cost of the whole woman, when her mere face has cost upwards of twenty guineas. Another circumstance which lends a value to such works, is their real or presumed antiquity, and this attraction will clearly be inseparable from those ladies who frequent Madame Levison's workshop. In most instances, probably, they are very old in reality; but, where this is not the case, they at least raise such a presumption of their being very old, as is nearly equal in value to actual antiquity. Once more: works of art derive an additional estimation if brittle or perishable. This charm belongs in great perfection to those who are the handiwork of Madame Levison; they are perishable, since they continually require renewing; they are brittle as the most delicate china vase. The choicest specimen of Sévres or Pekin does not require more delicate handling nor more careful moving, than the lady who, if she were suddenly to turn her head, might deface the white enamel of her neck by an unsightly crack. At present we understand that the faces produced by Madame Levison are so far monotonous as being wholly free from lines and specks. Perhaps as maturer years enlarge her experience (the great *artiste* is as yet not twenty-one years of age), she may be able to add lines to her subjects, like those on the celebrated crackling china, when a sudden contortion would produce no ill effect, but only add one more line as an additional ornament to those already existing; at present, however, in what we must call the infancy of the workman's skill, the beauty of the unbroken surface would be imperilled, if not destroyed, by the slightest hasty movement; and the manufactured lady must be as carefully brought down stairs, delicately dusted, and gently put in her place as the most fragile filagree.

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Madame's skill ; they imbibe from her labours at least one important and beneficial mental lesson. What can be more useful, more indispensable to all persons in good society than to learn to control their emotions and passions ; and what stronger motive to do so can be conceived than is supplied by the reflection that a tear would wash the roses from the cheek ; that laughter would split the sides of the face, while blowing the nose might lead to the visible portion of that critical feature coming off in the pocket handkerchief. So highly, indeed, do we estimate Madame Levison's practice, as offering the strongest inducement to the control of the feelings, that, if the lady were sufficiently philanthropic to allow the coarser males to share the benefit of her workmanship, we are not sure whether newspaper editors might not find it greatly to their benefit to seek her assistance, since there are few classes whose members are at times under stronger temptations to yield to influences calculated to disarrange the features. On this point, however, we will offer no positive opinion at this moment ; nor, indeed, on the other ; but will only say, that if the views of the advocates of Madame Levison's art, to which we have endeavoured to give faithful expression, be sound and correct, we hope Mr. Commissioner Nicholls will not be so harsh as long to withhold from an anxious Mayfair the restoration of her free service.

"PREACHING" IN HIGHWAYS AND BYEWAYS.

THERE can be no question that preaching, or the task of expounding the Scriptures to mixed audiences, is a necessary duty in every community professing Christianity. It comes down to us sanctioned even by Divine authority, and recommended by the practice of the earliest disseminators of Christianity. It is equally clear that a means of doing good may be perverted into a means of doing harm, and that religion itself may be travestied by those who undertake to preach, according to their own notions of what is right and wrong, in the public highways. Those who believe that this kind of preaching to miscellaneous crowds is an efficient mode of disseminating religious instruction, must be entirely satisfied with the rapid development of their theory in the very centres of the metropolis. If people do not hear sermons now, the cause cannot be ascribed to lack of opportunity. Every creed has its disciple, every sect its representative ; and as the gentlemen who undertake to enlighten us upon all doctrinal points possess unbounded enthusiasm and perseverance, it is not their faults if the erring do not mend their ways and abjure their heresies. The British public is not at all averse to receive admonitions concerning its backslidings. The street preacher who sets up his Ebenezer, and is left to sing his hymn alone, may well consider himself exceptionally unfortunate. Whatever be the object of his "mission," he may very easily draw around him a concourse of willing auditors, who will submit to his reproofs with meekness, and accept his advice with resignation and gratitude. Thus encouraged, the band of wandering preachers increases with a steadiness that may well astonish even their warmest friends. We find them everywhere discoursing on almost every theological topic within the range of human thought, and disposing in the most facile manner of the difficulties that have perplexed the most thoughtful men in all ages. Nothing is dark to these new lights. Conscious, perhaps, that discussion cannot solve the problems which revealed religion leaves in obscurity, they settle everything by affirmation. Obviously, the plan has much to recommend it. It is often extremely difficult to prove, while it is always easy to assert, and there is nothing more convenient than to ignore the circumstance that proof is in any case expected or required. This is the basis of the street preacher's philosophy. What he proffers it is our duty to receive, and be thankful for the favour bestowed.

Good as this principle of preaching in the streets may essentially be, it is impossible for any intelligent man to avoid the conviction that it is now being pursued a great deal too far. It may be contended that if the Bishop of London has a right to expound the Scriptures in Covent Garden, any crazy monomaniac has an equal right to deliver an address in a public thoroughfare ; but it may fairly be questioned whether any man, or body of men, are justified in obstructing our highways, and turning into nuisances our very parks. Surely there should be some place in London where a decent man or woman may walk for recreation without being scandalized by the excited ravings of an infidel, or the careless invocation of sacred names. For, unfortunately, the theory that every man is entitled to his stump, may be urged a step further than we have just indicated—if the man who professes Christianity should be heard, why not the sceptic, the atheist, or the Mormonite ? In point of fact, the privilege is claimed by all these classes, and by others more odious than is the most profligate reviler of religion. The scene presented in our parks on Sunday afternoons is a shame and a disgrace to a Christian country. The most atrocious blasphemies are uttered by one man, while near at hand is another making rude efforts to interpret a portion of the Divine revelation. The Catholics and the Protestants preach against each other under adjacent trees, and the dispute occasionally waxes so warm that it is found necessary to appeal to the arbitrament of the fist. Twenty or thirty groups often concentrate themselves upon a small space of ground, or, as in St. James's Park, they line the way until it is almost impassable. Every one is at liberty to add his voice to the tumult, though perhaps the only persons who really profit by the discordant ministrations are the pickpockets.

No one is too foolish or too contemptible to attract a promiscuous "congregation." An English mob will listen to anybody ; and there appears to be a strong relish among the lower classes for withering denunciations of the

offences they are assumed to have committed. The street preacher trades largely upon this singular infirmity of the understanding. He is furnished with a store of anecdotes, utterly fictitious, though avowedly occurring within his own experience, and designed to heighten in timid minds the terrors of death and of a future state, and to excite the superstitious element which exists to so great a degree in the uneducated. Signal displays of Divine vengeance, mysterious and awful midnight warnings to the unrepentant, terrible manifestations of Divine power,—these are the themes respecting which the street preacher is prolific in narrative. He singles out some smiling bystander, and quotes at him instances of persons whom he knew, and who were stricken down suddenly in the midst of their sins, not by lightning or any visible means, but by the unsearchable hand of the Almighty. The most solemn subjects upon which the human intellect can dwell—the mysteries of life, death, and eternity, the immortal truths that can never be made clear to us till the day when all hearts shall be opened, and all secrets disclosed—these the merest boy dismisses with the self-sufficient arrogance of ignorance, while men and women listen calmly to speculations which would be ludicrous were they not profane. And yet this lamentable mockery of momentous matters is sanctioned as a "means of doing good !"

For it can scarcely be questioned that most of these street preachers seriously believe that they are benefiting their fellow-creatures. They have all some extraordinary story of conversion to relate, though they are too wise to attach any credence to it themselves. It is strange that in the affairs of religion only, every one thinks himself competent to instruct others. The debauchee, who fancies himself reclaimed, conceives that the principles of religious faith must be as new to others as they are to himself, and hence he goes about insulting, with shallow repetitions of superficial knowledge, those who were aware of all that he is able to tell them, and endeavoured to follow Christian precepts while he was wallowing in the drunkard's mire. The crack-brained enthusiast may be forgiven his misdirected pertinacity, and the consistent man tolerated, even though his theories of instruction be crude and narrow—but the miserable creature who goes about the world, in his declining years, exulting over his own reclamation from depravity, and assuming that all men are living in the disgusting condition from which he has just emerged, is, of all beings, the most despicable. Are his egotistical counsels likely to prevail against the tempter ? In nothing else save religion would he deem himself qualified to teach ; and in this he is less versed, perhaps, than in most other branches of knowledge. There are indeed men who, under the influence of deep and sincere contrition, and anxious to save others from the bitterness which has filled their souls, may give seasonable counsel to those who are committing acts that will entail future misery upon them. Such men are competent to give advice, for they speak with the voice of experience. But those who make a practice of boasting of their past sins belong to a widely different class, and only injure the cause they profess to espouse.

It is bad enough to have these whitened sepulchres beneath our eyes in the country, where the religious mountebank conceives himself licensed to seize one bodily, and offend the ear with the foulness of his insinuations. The over-worked Londoner who seeks to refresh himself among the meadows and trees of our parks ought to be protected from such insults. There are very well-meaning men who preach on Sunday in the Mall or in Hyde Park, but even these should not be permitted to invade the narrow limit wherein repose could once be found from the incessant and wearing turmoil inseparable from a London life. Let the parks be kept for the purpose they were designed to serve. Since the people pay for these invaluable places of recreation, they have an unquestionable right to demand that the air shall not be polluted by the loathsome ribaldry of boys, or the wild and futile declamations of bigots newly rescued from the slough of vice, and with some of its mud still clinging to them.

OBSEQUIES OF MACMANUS.

In the busy times in which we live, few people out of Ireland remembered, two weeks ago, the name of Terence Bellew Macmanus. When it was announced, amid a great flourish of Milesian trumpets, that the remains of this "hero" and "patriot" had been brought from America to Dublin, and that they were to be interred in his native soil, and followed to the grave by thousands or tens of thousands of his admiring countrymen, several questions were naturally asked in England concerning the "hero" and "patriot" whom Ireland delighted to honour. Was he a saint of the middle ages—a contemporary of Brian Boru ? Did he ever wear the crown of St. Malachi ? Was he King of Munster, Ulster, Leinster, or Connaught ? Or, were his life and deeds consignable to that dim and misty period of remote antiquity, when St. Patrick killed, charmed away, or otherwise abolished the toads, snakes, and other "varmint" that molested the Green Isle when there were no demagogues to make mischief ?

And when it was explained that he was a man of our own time—a bagman, who neglected his business to dabble in mock treason ; that he was one of the heroes of the Widow McCormick's cabbage-garden ; that he shared with the illustrious and illogical Smith O'Brien the cheap dangers of the rebellion of 1848 ; and that he met, along with other congenial spirits of more patriotism than discretion, the contemptuous mercy of the British Government, and was only banished when he should, or, at all events, *might* have been hanged, the surprise of the British public took a new turn. They ceased

to wonder at MacManus, and began to wonder at Irishmen in general, and especially at that portion of them resident in Dublin, who, in a period of daily increasing prosperity and content, were silly enough to revive the exploded memories of a ridiculous episode in Irish history, and to attempt the tawdry apotheosis of a poor fellow, whose greatest merit was that he had done less harm than he intended ; and whose greatest good fortune was that he had not undergone the punishment which he deserved.

But as the brutal and base, but very sensible and shrewd, Saxon intellect reflected on the matter, it remembered the fact that Milesian human nature is different from all other human nature ; that it loves a row for the sake of a row, on the principle of that modern Milesian who at Donnybrook fair trailed his coat-tail along the ground and implored any gentleman present to do him the great favour to insult him by treading upon it, and who would have cracked his brother's, or even his father's skull, with a blow of his shillelah for the mere fun of the thing, if no other vent for his superabundant pugnacity had been as readily available. Reasoning thus, it dismissed the subject, not without a hope that the people of Dublin might have a fine clear day for their spectacle, and that their patriotism might effervesce in the evening into speeches or orations piquant and absurd enough to create a smile, if not a laugh, on this side of the Channel.

But when it was announced on indubitable authority that the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood, through the mouth of that noted Archbishop, who alone, amid all the public men of his age, is bold enough to deny that the earth revolves round the sun, had discouraged the procession that was to escort the remains of poor Terence to the grave, and had positively refused to allow the body to rest in the cathedral, the wonderment grew still greater ; and the slow Saxons rubbed their eyes in astonishment to find that for once the priests were inclined to be more rational than the people, and that a celebrated dignitary of the Romish Church in Ireland had set himself against a popular tom-foolery that was intended as a defiance to the British Government. But so it was. Archbishop Cullen declared against the show, and it was consequently shorn of the greater portion of its intended glories.

But it was a great show, nevertheless, as well as a harmless one ; and a larger multitude followed the body of MacManus to its final resting-place than could be got together to render a similar honour to that of Daniel O'Connell, when he died broken-hearted and worn out in the service of his country. But, then, we must remember that Daniel O'Connell was, with all his faults, a real benefactor of Ireland. He drew attention to its wrongs, and compelled the unwilling British Government to redress them ; whereas MacManus did nothing and said nothing, and was of no more value to the cause of liberty, good government, or social progress, than the last snake that was driven out by St. Patrick. Hence, perhaps—on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*, or just to show that sedition, unaccompanied by danger, is a state of feeling highly congenial to the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Celtic race in the Isle of the Saints—the celebration was the more popular because there was no occasion for it. "I am very quiet, just now," says Ireland ; "but only tread on my coat-tail, and you shall see what will come of it." The body of MacManus answered the purpose of a coat-tail, but as no one trod on it, there was no disturbance. May it be long before the apotheosis of that greater hero—Smith O'Brien himself—shall give occasion to another display of the kind ;—not for the sake of the public peace, which we do not believe will be endangered even on that august occasion, but for the sake of that scion of kings himself, who has offered to be umpire and arbitrator between Presidents Lincoln and Davis ; and upon whose mighty fiat may yet hang the issues of peace or war on the North American Continent.

LIFE-BOAT CREWS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

THE shivering Londoners who hurry homewards in these wet and cold November nights, and deem it a hardship to be of necessity exposed to the inclemency of a dreary season, are really by no means so badly off as they are accustomed to suppose. Indeed, the many thousands engaged in mercantile pursuits, having stated hours of labour, and knowing precisely when their day's work will be ended, are extremely fortunate people, as they would admit if they could be induced to contrast their lot with that of others. The professional man can scarcely ever calculate upon having an evening left free to devote to his own private purposes. The barrister does not earn his guineas simply by making a ten minutes' speech in a court of law, and the journalist or author may deem himself lucky if he can lay aside the pen when evening closes in, and not be compelled to carry his work home. Everybody knows that the doctor is common prey—he may be aroused at any period of the night, and required to hasten from his bed into the foggy streets in order to prescribe for some one whom he has never before seen. But what are such trials of patience compared with those which a class of whom we hear very little are continually obliged to endure ? The newspapers contain almost daily a column with some such title as "Disastrous Storm," or "Loss of Life at Sea," and the inhabitants of inland districts may glance down it at the beginning of the winter season, vaguely pitying those who "go down to the sea in ships;" but, after a time, the reports are passed over unread, and events of apparently greater importance absorb the attention. The news of to-day is well nigh forgotten before to-morrow's paper is unfolded. The occurrences that immediately concern ourselves and our own interests exclude from the mind almost every other topic. A sick wife or child, an unprofitable investment, a misfortune in business, a bad tenant, an

attack of rheumatism or gout, a smoky chimney, or a late dinner, are troubles that affect us individually more closely than the most tragic story we have read in the journal of the day, and we are at once immersed in our own cares and anxieties. Happily, there are many unselfish persons who have the means as well as the opportunity of doing good, and who are habitually compassionate towards those who stand in need of sympathy and aid—but there is a great deal of intense selfishness in the world notwithstanding. There are persons who, from time to time, risk their own lives to save others, and whose very calling it is to undertake this mission, and yet it is found no easy matter to raise sufficient funds wherewith to pay them insignificant wages. The records of the National Life-Boat Institution would furnish irresistible evidence of this truth, in the inadequate response made to its periodical appeals for help.

There are no braver men in the whole kingdom than the crews of our life-boats ; there are none whom the generosity of the public is so slow in reaching. The cause of the latter circumstance is not hard to find. Life-boat men are stationed only on the roughest parts of the coast, and they are so remote, as a rule, from large towns, as to be almost completely lost sight of. Their most daring achievements—and it is wonderful how daring these men are—found no more than a curt acknowledgment in the columns of a provincial paper, until the Secretary of the Life-boat Institution was at the pains to furnish the journals with gratuitous paragraphs and articles describing any event of interest. Yet many hundreds of lives are saved every year by the crews, and it has been estimated that these lives cost the institution no greater sum than one pound each.

It unfortunately happens, however, that the noble fellows who leave the shore in the midst of storm and darkness, to battle their way through the wild waves to men, women, and children clinging desperately to a broken wreck, sometimes perish in their hazardous undertaking ; and how many besides those in the immediate locality of the catastrophe care to inquire what becomes of the bereaved families ? A subscription may occasionally be made, but where there are few to contribute, the sum collected will be small, and the wives and children of the drowned crew are left to sink lower and lower into the depths of poverty. In a country where an enormous amount of money is annually bestowed on charitable institutions, it is strange that such an evil as this should be left uncorrected. It would not be difficult to insure some provision for the families of life-boat men who were swallowed up in the grave from which they attempted to rescue others. Their lives, we may be sure, are as precious to their kindred as those they endeavoured to save. The furious winds of this present November must be fraught with bitter memories to many aching widowed hearts and many a cheerless home, depending for bare subsistence on the uncertain charity of strangers. Is it right that there should be no effort made to diminish this misery ?

It appears to us that what is required is a system based upon the principle of life insurance. The crews of life-boats should insure their lives at easy rates, and thus form a fund out of which effectual assistance might be rendered to the families of those who met their deaths in the discharge of their duties. Of course a fund so raised could not be self supporting, although it would encourage provident habits among the men—public subscriptions would be needed, both to form a basis for the fund and also to replenish it when in danger of being exhausted. We cannot doubt that if the managers of the Life-boat Institution were to lay a proposal embodying these suggestions before the nation it would be dealt with in a prompt and generous spirit. Sufficient money to establish the fund would assuredly be raised in a very few weeks, and the crews should then be required to lay by from their earnings a small sum for the benefit of those who rely solely upon them for support. The public would undoubtedly rather contribute at once to an object such as this than be solicited at intervals in behalf of solitary cases of destitution—while the advantage to the life-boat crews would be great and permanent. There is no *certain* provision now for the wives and children of these men. They may be relieved when necessity arises, or they may not, and it is very undesirable to leave matters in this state. Let the Secretary of the Life-boat Institution consider well the design we have indicated. We are very confident that the public will support any well founded proposal he may submit to them, and our life-boat crews would be greatly encouraged by the interest thus manifested in their affairs. They deserve better of the nation than to be left to meet the many contingencies attaching to their adventurous lives alone. They would work with greater spirit if they felt confident that, in the event of their being lost, their families would be taken care of. Life insurance would, in fact, be of the greatest possible service to the entire class, and it is much to be desired that it should be brought into operation as early as possible.

"PLUNGERS" AND "BAGMEN."

FROM certain circumstances, it matters little whether they were or were not under our control, we had not long since occasion to pass some days among the commercial young gentlemen assembled at the chief inn of the great manufacturing town of Woolopolis ; in fact, we were made free of the commercial room. It happened that we had also introductions to the officers of her Majesty's 199th Plungers, an estimable and expensive corps, at that time defending their country in the cavalry barracks of the town. Hence, invitations to their mess, and somewhat unusual opportunities of observing the manners and customs of two sets of youths, whom we

may take loosely as representatives of fast life in the upper-middle, and lower-middle ranks of English life. Comparisons may be odious; but the more we extended our observations at festive and other seasons, the more did we become convinced that the racketty young blades of the mess were not in all respects unlike the racketty young blades of the ordinary. We did not by any means jump at this conclusion. It may be worth while to show how we did arrive at it, and what we conceive to be the points of resemblance and of difference between the two classes. Both in mess room and in commercial room there was a good deal of "shop" talked. Trooper's shop is, of course, not the same as bagman's shop. But if the hearer be neither trooper nor bagman, he is not much more interested in the approaching substitution of the hussar pelisse for the heavy dragoon cuirass, than he is in the probabilities of a rise in "dark fancies," and a fall in "printed calicoes."

Bagman always addresses his friend as "Sir," and prefixes "Mr." to his name. He never speaks of a "man," but always of a "gentleman." Plunger hails his intimate as "my deaw fellow," and discusses him in the third person as a "man." Bagman, conscious that his claims to the rank of a gentleman might possibly be considered dubious by an exclusive aristocracy, is liberal of the titles which he himself so highly prizes, in order that, as he has done to others, so may they do to him. In fact, he merges sex in gentility. Plunger, as officer and gentleman, feels that he will best maintain the double character by showing himself downright and cavalier in his language, and patronising and majestic in his manner. "My deaw fellow" is a formula by means of which he can, according to the inflections of his voice, assent, dissent, encourage, or even quarrel without ever getting down from his high horse (for quarrelling, perhaps, "my good fellow" is to be preferred, as being indicative of ever more hauteur); while by his frankness in acknowledging that the officers and gentlemen of his acquaintance are, after all, but men, he proves that he can call a spade a spade, and rise superior to mere class prejudices. It may be that our perceptions were, at the outset, a little blunted by the attention paid us. The colonel himself, a purple-faced hero, with japanned moustaches, transmitted to us by the agency of a ministering hero, scarce less awful than himself, his hospitable wish to have the pleasure of a glass of wine. This hint was not lost upon his brother-officers. Fast, over one or other shoulder of the delighted guest, came the seductive invitations, and any sustained attempts at eating were rendered abortive by the necessity of bowing right or left, in almost as regular a cadence as does an exalted personage in a royal progress. Plungers are first class cards, very different from our gents, thought we, in bagman phraseology; and "Thank you—yes, sir,—a glass of sherry wine."

After the departure of the colonel and one or two senior officers, the gallant 199th began to show the effects of their straightforward drinking. It was then that it first dawned upon us that we were *en pays de connaissance*. What did the Plungers talk about?—Women. What do young bagmen talk about?—Women. And neither Plungers nor bagmen talk about them very respectfully. In fact, to hear either set of men, one would think that the poor victims only came into the world to fill the bags of these unerring sportsmen in the fields of Venus. In this respect Mars is so like bagman, that you can't tell one from the other. Mars's swagger, indeed, is on the grander scale. Poor bagman only slays his thousands. The tale of Mars's conquests cannot be told by any known system of numeration. Nor is he at all puffed up by Venus's known weakness for him. None but the brave deserve the fair. It is his due. Poor little thing, she couldn't help it. He twirls his moustache, and bids them pass the claret. Bagman is not quite so self-sufficient perhaps. He talks of "the girl he left behind him" in his own boisterous way; he will quote from her letters as pitilessly as Plunger, and perhaps more coarsely; but he allows you to see that he finds a pleasure in the recollection of his triumph, and that he does not take it all quite as a matter of course. It would be unfair if we did not mention one redeeming feature in the behaviour both of Plungers and bagmen, when they are engaged in singing their amatory achievements. They are generously unwilling to particularize their more distinguished victims. It is only by inuendo that they allude to the young lady of fortune, or the married woman of high rank, who is dying for them. When we know how greedy is human vanity, we cannot but admire this beautiful self-denial. Malevolent critics might assert that the ladies in question exist but in the imagination of the speaker, and that even of the hearts, whose owners are particularized, the great majority have been not won but purchased. We prefer a brighter view of human nature. So, euge! Plunger! Macte tuâ virtute, bagman! Ye would not kiss and tell, when the lady is one of the higher classes; no, not for worlds.

Hitherto the Plungers have had, if anything, the better of it. But, also, we have hitherto restricted ourselves to mess and "ordinary" experiences. Proceeding further, we find the tables turned. Plunger is grander and more imposing than bagman. Nay, more, barring perhaps the members of the defunct corps of Beefeaters, he is grandest, most imposing of men. But he has not the brains of bagman. Bagman cannot afford to devote nine-tenths of his day to the enjoyment or discussion of his *menu plaisir*. He has learnt something in his youth; and the business of his life is constantly forcing him to digest that learning and turn it to account. He must not be altogether irregular in his habits; for were he not industrious he would not be worth his salt. He must have, when on service, an address pleasing after its kind; his memory must be good, and his calculating powers considerable. Bagmen of the higher class must have an almost diplomatic capacity for pre-judging the

tastes and anticipating the prejudices of those with whom they have to do. As they grow older, they may become useful and substantial, though possibly not refined, citizens. Plunger's profession demands very little previous, and enforces still less subsequent acquirement. A more or less sound body, a not always perfect seat on horseback, and a very vague knowledge of a few simple manœuvres, qualify him as an officer; the possession of a sum of money sufficient to purchase his commission stamps him as a gentleman. Now-a-days no boyhood is passed entirely among grooms and gamekeepers; so he will possibly have spent a year or two at a public school, and eventually have quitted it because neither tutor's cram nor head-master's birch could raise him above the level of that lubberliest of creatures, a big "lower boy." The result of his schooling will be a veneration for pursuits which his after career, as Plunger, enables him to cultivate more intimately, and a smattering of information on subjects, utter ignorance of which is the best charm of ingenuous youth. In his eyes, betting and horsey occupations in general will be the only employments fit for a gentleman; while the day-dream of his budding manhood will be the possession of one of those roseate beauties whom he has seen, under the protection of old school-fellows, feasting at the inns or disporting themselves on the river of his alma mater.

Leaving school with these tastes—and every public schoolman can judge whether or no, what we say is true—his latter state, as full cornet, lieutenant, or captain, is not likely to be other than worse than his first. Not gifted naturally with many wits—the wits of a family are usually reserved for better things—speedy mental decrepitude can hardly fail to ensue. But though there be no prospect of intellectual enjoyment, another and more material paradise bursts upon the gaze of the accomplished cornet. Think of the whole significance of the words, unlimited tick. Think of the embroidered shirt-fronts, of the coats lined with silk throughout, of the jewellery, of the hosiery, and of the boots. Mr. Sams, dispenser of private boxes, and Mr. Anderson, purveyor of weight-carrying cobs and hunters good over any country, will be kind for a season. Does not even Plunger's slang, when in speaking of his personal adornments he says, "Poor Hill, or poor Hancock, or poor Jowett *gave it me*," testify to the temporary generosity of these gentlemen. Laïs may be more exacting, and a defaulter will get but little by throwing sops to the Cerberus of Tattersalls; still most men have a little stock that they can sell out, or some prospects which can be discounted by the children of Israel. So Plunger munches his cakes and quaffs his ale, little caring that the tendency of these very advantages is to make him anything but a useful, or substantial citizen. In his case there is every temptation to vice; in bagman's, there is the necessity of a certain amount of virtue. Plunger has little education, some social position, and facilities for obtaining the longest credit. Bagman has considerable education, no social position to speak of, and no chance of obtaining any credit at all. Unless Plunger have a patrimony to fall back on, or he be blessed with a person attractive enough to catch an heiress, we know which of the two has the worse of it. But is this all? Have the course of life and education of Plunger been such as to qualify him to assume a responsible position of command? The slight intellect with which nature has endowed him cannot be developed by vacuous saunterings about billiard-rooms, or the interchange of tittle-tattle like that to which we have adverted. There is need of great improvement in all this, and the Plungers of the day would do well to devote a little serious thought—if they are capable of it—to the matter.

LONDON STREETS AND LONDON TRAFFIC.

THE frequent recurrence in London of the sight which street-boys call a "horse down" must have amazed strangers. A horse is an animal with four legs, and if man can stand erect upon two, a horse surely ought to be firm on four. A stool will stand upon three; but, in London streets, the additional leg which mechanics would consider an additional support, does not enable a horse always to maintain a vertical position, and not a day passes but we see half a dozen of them sprawling in the streets. It is not the poor horses' fault that they do not keep on their legs, nor is it that of the coachmen; they try hard to do their duty in that respect. The fault is with the pavement. Undoubtedly, Macadam went nearest to a right principle of any man in road making, but it may be questioned if Macadam reached the summit of his art, and London has set Macadam at nought; for the wear and tear of his roads is considered too great for their general adoption in this enormous city, where the traffic is incessant and immense. Besides, there is an annoyance in hot weather from dust, and in wet weather from mud.

The macadamized roadways, too, when under repair, which is very frequent, are so rough and intractable for the passage of carriages while the newly-spread layer of broken stone remains unground together, that pavement has generally been selected for at least the chief arteries of horse and carriage traffic, to the almost entire exclusion of wood and every other material, which have at various times been tried with a view to diminish the noise and clatter that in those districts are so deafening and persistent. But not content with paving our level ways with the hardest stone, and shoeing our horses with the hardest metal, we construct inclined planes in our side streets, or for the discharging roadway of our railways, at gradients which not only raise to its highest pitch the difficulties of the poor horse's maintenance of its equilibrium, but which, in the event of an accident, imparts such an impetus to the vehicle as to cause serious danger to those passing by in the direction of its course. Southampton-street, Bedford-

street, and other streets leading into the Strand, have a moderate gradient; and yet not a day passes without the downfall of some poor animal; and if he rises again without broken bones or broken shafts, he certainly does not without bruises and hurts. The poor horses do our work, drag our burthens, go our journeys; surely we should use them kindly in return, and not unnecessarily subject them to miseries which practically diminish their powers to serve us. When, however, we come to such fearful inclines—we use this expressive adjective designedly—as that at the Waterloo terminus of the South-Western Railway (which is not an isolated case), we are, in tolerating such roadways, not only tolerating a source of misery to horses, but tacitly permitting a danger to which no street passenger should be subject.

The highways are common to us all; we pay rates for their maintenance, surveyors for keeping them in good order, and inspectors to see them kept free from nuisances. They ought to be safe. If a door step projects beyond the house or the owner's land, if a cellar trap be loose, or a coal-hole grating unfastened, the negligent offender may be summoned before a magistrate and fined; but a railway company may discharge its torrent of traffic many times a day, with a dangerous momentum, across a foot-path used by thousands in their daily walks with impunity. The incline of the South-Western road at the Waterloo station is not less than one in fourteen, and for the danger they thus launch several times an hour at the passers by, the directors have, at best, no other excuse than economy. It is no uncommon thing to see omnibus and cab horses down on the ground at the station gates, and their vehicles broken and injured—the more surprising thing is that the horses slide down so commonly in erect attitudes, seeing that the poor animals have the worst possible chance of doing so with their iron shoes over a smooth granite incline, so steep as to place their hind feet pretty nearly level with the knees of their fore legs.

What is wanted for the London streets is a firm hard road, with a rough surface, which would always afford a good foothold for horses, and for passengers crossing over. The question practically is whether this can be got? Persons holding parish offices have generally very little practical perception, and what they have is very often obscured by individual interests. People, therefore, not parish officers, nor road surveyors, nor contractors, but who from their daily habits are nevertheless much interested in the safety and proper condition of the streets, will see the defects, will think about them, and, thinking about them, are very likely to suggest a remedy. To the naturalist the structure of the molar teeth of any herb-eating animal naturally suggests the way to make a good pavement.

The elephant's tooth, for example, is constantly used in grinding coarse food. It has always a flat, rough, grinding surface, more powerful than a mill-stone, and how is this obtained? The tooth has always a fresh and proper face, and yet nothing is ever done to its surface in the way of manipulation or repair; the very action to which it is constantly subjected keeps it in perfect order. And thus: the elephant's tooth consists of layers or plates of three different substances,—enamel, as hard as flint, surrounded on either side by bony matter, comparatively soft, and dentine, comparatively hard, but not nearly so much so as the enamel. In grinding the food these substances all wear away unequally, the bony matter more readily than the dentine; the dentine than the enamel, which latter, therefore, stands out as ridges between shallow cavities which, protected by the adamantine enamel, never get deep. So by this uneven wearing, a rough, effective grinding surface, fit for its work, is constantly maintained.

Could not this principle be applied to our London streets? Could we not use thin slabs of granite or other very hard rock up-ended between other thin slabs of sandstone, wood, or limestone, ragstone, brick, or any other material that in practice might prove best? Upon the ridges of the harder stones the carriage-wheels would rest and run smoothly along, for the easy roll of the wheel would depend on the bearing surface of its circumference, and not be affected by the small hollow spaces of the roadway, while the ridges and rough sandstone surface between them would afford as firm points of leverage for the horses' feet, both in running and pulling. We cannot lay down as a rule what should be the proportions of the materials employed, nor what materials would be best. Actual experiment in some well-trodden roadway alone could give those data. But alike for the safety of passengers, economy of expense, efficiency of roadway, and humanity for horses, we think the experiment might be tried—the expense of the trial would be very little, the benefits of success immense.

AN UNPOPULAR CHARACTER.—The following is an epitaph upon a person who is called by Mr. Norfolk, in his amusing "Gleanings in Graveyards,"—a "profligate mathematician," interred at Manchester:

"Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He never did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he lived as long again."

TRIFLES.—In the clever tale of "All Down Hill," the following apt observation is made by the author:—"One who can interest and occupy himself with what are called trifles has a great advantage over another who must be at a high pressure, so to speak, to work at all. The former can keep his faculties in edge and polish by frequent and judicious use, the latter must wear them away with too much friction, or leave them to lie on the shelf and rust."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS.

Really one would think the Biblical East was only meant to be the *champ de bataille* for the intrigues of the French. Let alone the abominable and unscrupulous incitements to absolute murder of Kings by French Imperialist agents, whereof the poor wretched Maronites were the deluded instruments; notwithstanding this, the barbarous form of which was the fiendish massacre of helpless Christians; let alone all this, I say, and we have the several aspirants to the throne of France, all going in for popularity in the East, and cultivating the Catholic interest in the future event of their possible candidature for a vacant crown. First went the Count de Paris, and from his sojourn at Damascus dates a small volume, printed off for his friends, in which he shows how intimately connected is the prestige of France with a protectorate extended over the Catholic populations of the Levant. Next, it is the Comte de Chambord, who starts for the land of the rising sun, and thereupon, the whole Royalist press of this country chaunts out in various keys its pious joy, and declares that "nothing can equal the effect produced by the presence of this son of Saint Louis!" It is really too absurd and too "theatrical," to use the only fitting term; and is perfectly on a par with the representations planned by the arch-Impresario himself in the silence of his study, and carried out by M. Macquard and his associates upon the boards of the "Cirque."

There is something revolting, to be sure, in the way in which these Boulevard theatres are made to serve as pulpits or lecture-rooms for the public! Let any one fancy, for instance, what has been done with the great Chinese piece "Pekin!" Whilst aiming at giving the Parisians a tolerably adequate notion of what the Chinese capital is like, it was also thought that it would be a pity to let slip the occasion of a mild hit at *la perfide Albion*, and so that unfortunate victim of duty so nobly performed—poor Bowlby—is absolutely made to "point a moral" by his untimely fate! You will never guess how this is managed. A Chinese, very much addicted to opium eating, has the power of saving three persons from the cruelties of his countrymen; two he has saved, and then, thinking he has a right to his reward, he begins to indulge in his poisonous delight, and when he is appealed to to save Bowlby, he is in the seventh heaven of dreamy unconsciousness! This, the public is taught to regard as a just punishment, and for her crimes in promoting opium eating, Albion has to pay with the loss of one of her worthiest children! Such a way of instructing the "masses" may suit the French, and the Emperor appears to adopt it with considerable readiness; but it would be looked upon somewhat harshly by any other nation laying claim to a state of advanced civilisation.

Nothing, if duly reflected upon, is more curious than the way in which the creation of a sort of public opinion is made to stand for the real one, which is of course impossible. Public opinion, springing from the genuine public, is naturally enough destroyed in France, but the Emperor being desirous of resting all he does upon what has the appearance of public opinion, absolutely never begins any enterprise save with the help of this "opinion," which he then by factitious means creates.

At this moment, for instance, the last new object is a Prussian Alliance, and to accomplish that, Louis Napoleon, who knows he has all Prussia against him, is busy founding a journal in Berlin, which, under the influence of French gold, is to write up the alliance with France! This plan was tried in another shape about eighteen months ago, but failed; a regular journalistic establishment was established at Strasbourg, journalists of all descriptions (highly paid, too), were despatched to the seat of action, and a paper was printed in German, which was then made to flood all Germany, and which, after costing a mint of money, had to be given up, because no efforts, however great, could make it answer, and simply because public opinion, of all things in the world, will not be coerced, and will not serve to enthrone falsehood in the place of truth. The French Imperial organ which was to represent German public opinion was a failure, and so, probably, will the Berlin one be. But the fact of its being about to be attempted is worthy of note.

It is quite true, as the *Times* mentioned, that the bench at Orleans has refused to make itself a party to the dislikes and spites of the Minister of the Interior. He sent down an order to the presiding judge, M. Du Bays, to tell him not to invite the Bishop of Orleans to the ceremony of the re-opening of the Courts. The Judge replied that it would be out of rule for him to comply with such a request,—that the bishop and his clergy were among the persons whom it was a positive regulation for the last seventy years to invite, and that he could not deviate from the custom to please any individual Ministerial caprice! You can, perhaps, easily conceive what was the anger of M. de Persigny, though perhaps less easily to what means he resorted to show it. He instantly despatched an order to the Préfet of Orleans not to attend the ceremony of the official opening of the Regal Courts, and, of course, here the Minister encountered no opposition. His own "administrés" do not even aspire to be imagined independent; they would not for one instant comprehend any merit there could be in being reputed so, and, therefore, they one and all obeyed blindly, and abstained from appearing in the Palais de Justice upon the occasion of the "re-ouverture!" Upon the whole, the Government and the Ministry have no reason just now to be over-satisfied with the attitude of either the bench or the bar, and both are manifesting a species of independence that does in no way suit the spirit of what the Imperialist flatterers term the "institutions" of the Empire.

A few days ago M. Berryer went to Marseilles to plead two causes; one at Toulon, and the other at Marseilles; not only was he made the object of a perfect ovation by the corps of advocates in both towns, but he was welcomed by the whole mass of the people of the latter city in a positively triumphal manner. Voices in the crowd shouted out "Dieu le bénisse" in the most enthusiastic tones, and numbers of persons rushed towards him seeking to touch and even embrace him; in short, all the demonstrativeness of the passionate south came out in this reception of the great orator. But the Government authorities took it into their heads that a part of all this enthusiasm was meant as much for the opinion as for the mere talent, and they were by no means ready to take the matter in good humour, but "operated" arrests, as the technical term goes, till the lively Marseillais were clearly convinced of their imprudence! Five gentlemen were among

the captured—five persons belonging to the leading families of Marseilles!

At the same time with this, a seizure has been made of the last number of the *Courrier du Dimanche* for a very clever article by Pelletan, the Republican, entitled "Liberty as in Austria," in which he proves how much more free are Francis Joseph's subjects now than the people of France. M. de Persigny seems to have no aim in life save to gag all expression of opinion whatsoever; but, from what I have recently heard, M. Fould's return to office will soon result in getting rid of the Home Minister.

PESTH.—I.

No Englishman can set his foot on the quay of Pesth, under a serene sky and an evening sun, without being touched by the varied loveliness of this beautiful city. The broad and soft-coloured Danube, the heights on its opposite bank crowned with palaces, the brilliant houses lying in the receding bosom of the hills, the tall *Blocksberg*, coming down, like a portion of an iron-bound coast, steep into the water, the busy quays, the long line of stately houses, and the active, animated, and handsome population, combine to form a scene on which the eye long dwells with delight. It looks as if nature had destined for it the greatness of a capital; for it must be as charming to live in as it is happily situated for trade. No wonder, then, that the Hungarians are proud of Pesth; for it may vie on equal terms with the handsomest cities of Europe. It is gratifying to an Englishman's feelings to witness amidst such glories a noble monument of the services which English genius has rendered to mankind. The long and graceful suspension bridge was the fruit of English invention, and was erected here by an English engineer; it is, I believe, the largest of the kind in the world; and, together with the neighbouring railway, it raised the feeling how far more blessed the arts of peace are than the invention of Armstrong guns, and the pomp and circumstance of war.

The Hungarian railways at this moment exhibit a striking proof of the community which is so rapidly binding together the several nations of Europe. Every station is crowded with vast piles of goods travelling to France; the wants of one people are supplied by the abundance of another. Cabinets may exhibit distrust and jealousy; intercourse between them may become cold and rare; but the spirit of trade is eminently humane and benevolent. It is often sneered at as the offspring of selfishness; but who can fail to see that the corn which is speeding from every quarter to France, whilst it enriches the seller binds men together by benefits, renders them dependent on each other, thereby obstructs the ravages of war, and diffuses the knowledge of each other, and the sense that each man is in some line necessary to the other. But for the railway, France might have found it very hard to fill her garners before the winter frost would have closed the Baltic and other seas; and a few weeks of very dear bread in Paris might have produced effects that would have shaken society to its foundation. So all honour to George Stephenson for the incalculable services which he has conferred on his fellow-creatures.

At Vienna the Reichsrath has recommenced its sittings. Austria here may take credit for a small set-off against the mechanical advantages which she has derived from England. The Imperial Parliament meets in an extremely convenient building, in which every member has an ample seat, with a large desk before him; which provides very large and good accommodation for the public; and in which the voices of the speakers seemed to me to be remarkably well heard. The house was built in six weeks, to meet the sudden demand for a Parliament House in Austria. Contrast this with the Palace of Westminster, the many years it took to build, the two millions and upwards which it has cost, the painful difficulty of hearing, and the humiliating fact that there is not a seat for every member of the House of Commons, if they all were present on the same evening. Excellence of mechanical work is not always the prize of the great nation which is at the head of mechanical invention in the world.

Vienna offers another example also to England of the skilful adaptation of means to ends, of the attainment of the desired object at its reasonable cost. Within the last few years a splendid arsenal has been constructed near the town by the Government, comprising an immense range of buildings and stores; amongst others, a museum of great size and magnificent architecture. The whole is built with a massiveness and grandeur which properly belong to a fortress. The architecture is plain, yet perfectly suited to the design of the buildings; and the impression left on the mind is that of a thoroughly successful and solid piece of workmanship. Yet the whole has been completed at an expense of less than £850,000. England might think herself very fortunate if her Government could create an establishment of equal success, and she got off with an expenditure which would cover the whole for £3,000,000.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

THERE is, we think, nothing so injurious to the real interests of a well-conducted theatre, as the system of "puffing." "Immense success," "overflowing houses," "unparalleled triumphs," are now so many stereotyped phrases, without which it seems no new work, great or small, good or bad, can possibly be produced. Who heeds any longer these bombastic proclamations? Who is led away by such obvious clap-trap? The truth is that the managers turn their weapons against themselves, and defeat the very object they have in view, inasmuch as they put the people on their guard, and induce them to abstain from visiting the theatre for fear of deception. Would it not be more becoming on the part of those who are at the head of our best theatrical institutions, to abstain from blowing their own trumpets, and to allow the public to form their judgment, unbiassed by any expression of opinion whatever in play bills and newspaper advertisements? We feel certain both the public and the managers would benefit by it. The success of a play or an opera is tested by its popularity. We do not mean to say that all popular works are necessarily good, or that all good works must needs be popular; but we do maintain that no vaunting or puffing in the world will ever establish the reputation of a writer whose productions have failed to take a firm hold on the public mind. As we have said, the value of the work in an artistic sense has nothing whatever to do with its pecuniary success. Many things may contribute to or stand in the way of

so desirable a result; but that the policy of forcing a play or an opera upon the taste of an intellectual public is decidedly bad, can scarcely be disputed.

We are led to these remarks by the sudden disappearance from the bills of Mr. Howard Glover's new opera, "Ruy Blas," first announced as "an extraordinary and unprecedented success;" then becoming less frequently performed, on the plea of affording some relief to the overworked singers; and finally given for the last time *at present*, in order to make room for Mr. Macfarren's "Robin Hood," originally intended as a stop-gap for "Ruy Blas," but afterwards taking the place of the latter, and alternating with "Lurline," by Mr. Wallace, in consequence, again, of its "enthusiastic reception."

Now what does all this mean? Who is to know which of the three composers is really successful, and which opera really draws? We cannot but think that it would have been far more discreet, on the part of the managers of the Royal English Opera, to dispense with all this mystery, and allow things to take their course. If "Ruy Blas" did not answer the expectations of the management, by all means let another opera be substituted, or two, or three, till at last one is found that does replenish the coffers of a languishing treasury, and entirely satisfies the public want; but do not sacrifice the work of a composer, who first was the object of excessive praise, and now falls a victim to ill-judged managerial tactics. In the eyes of impartial observers the opera of Mr. Howard Glover has neither lost nor gained by this proceeding. It remains exactly what it was, containing much that is worthy of praise, and much that would bear improvement, but the public does not regard the matter in the same light. Looking only to the result, it unconditionally condemns the whole, and troubles itself no further about it. Had the new work been allowed to take its chance, it would, we doubt not, have received a better reception, and probably enjoyed a longer life, while now it comes to an untimely end, through not being able to realize the overwrought expectations raised by those foolish "puffs."

"Robin Hood," as our readers are well aware, is Mr. Macfarren's last production, and has passed the public ordeal with unwonted brilliancy last year, when the opera was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith. Great interest was then attached to it, not only as coming from the pen of one of our best dramatic composers, but also from the fact that it brought back to the lyric boards that great favourite, Mr. Sims Reeves, who had not appeared on the stage for some considerable time; while another singer, new to the theatrical public, though already high in favour with the musical world, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, made her "début" in the same opera. Apart from these considerations, however, "Robin Hood" well merited the great success it achieved, and the lessees of the Royal English Opera are fully justified in adopting Mr. Macfarren's last offspring and taking it under their paternal care.

The opera is already too well known to require much comment. Its frequent performance at the rival establishment has enabled the musical public at large to judge of its manifold beauties, and to secure for it an honourable position in the "repertoire" of successful operas. Though not strikingly original, or distinguished by great power of invention, the music of "Robin Hood" is yet manly, dramatic, and vigorous. We do not think Mr. Macfarren always happy in the choice of his subjects, nor particularly graceful in his melody; but these drawbacks are atoned for by a fine command over all the resources of his art, great power of combination, and superior skill in the art of instrumentation. Indeed, with regard to the latter quality, we are inclined to think that the composer occasionally, by wishing to do too much, exceeds the limits of the beautiful. The orchestra is too much taxed. No rest is allowed them; they are for ever at work, blowing, playing, and striking without intermission. The result is, that the ear gets fatigued, and longs for relief. A moment's pause, a simple accompaniment, would be as refreshing as a summer's rain. The notion, moreover, of always doubling the voice, by giving the melody to the stringed instruments, and employing its deeper notes, however imposing and brilliant, is nevertheless detrimental to the effect of the voice, since it is impossible for the human organ to compete with instruments of gut and brass. Owing to this, a certain heaviness pervades the whole, which we venture to think could be avoided by introducing more light into the scoring. The great impression created by the unaccompanied four-part song—no doubt most beautifully executed by the chorus—was owing as much to the relief it afforded to the harassed ear, as to the merit of the music; while those pieces in which the voice is allowed to sing without incumbrance, were the most liberally applauded.

Fine was the performance of "Robin Hood" at Her Majesty's Theatre, yet, in point of *ensemble*, it was far inferior to that of Covent Garden. An orchestra and chorus such as Mr. Mellon has under his command are not easily to be met with, while the scenic resources of the latter establishment are on so grand a scale that every justice can be done to works of extended dimensions. But here ceases the comparison drawn in favour of the Royal English Opera, although the cast includes some of the original performers. Mr. Santley and Mr. Honey, for instance, appear again in the parts they "created," and it is needless to say, to the entire satisfaction of the audience; but, alas! Mr. Sims Reeves is not so easily replaced, nor is Madame Lemmens-Sherrington likely to be so soon forgotten. On this occasion Mr. Henry Haigh took the part of *Robin Hood*, whilst Madame Guerrabella, an American lady, who, it will be remembered, sang at the Philharmonic Concerts last season, performed that of *Marian*.

It is not too much to say that the great "run" of Mr. Macfarren's opera was partly to be attributed to the beautiful singing of our great tenor, who, in the spirited *solo*, "Englishmen by birth are free," and again in the very characteristic *solo*, "The rasping, grasping Norman race," excited the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. That Mr. Henry Haigh is no Sims Reeves is not his fault; but that our first national institution should not be able to muster a more competent substitute than Mr. Haigh, is certainly matter for regret. We must say we have seldom witnessed a performance more utterly void of interest, and more generally disappointing in every respect, than that of the hero in the piece as performed by Mr. Haigh. He possesses, indeed, one redeeming quality, he has a good voice—but he can neither speak, act, nor sing. We should hesitate in passing so severe an opinion on any artist who would prove that he is in earnest, by applying himself with all his might to conquer the defects laid to his charge; but during the many years that Mr. Haigh has had the honour of appearing on

the operatic stage, not the slightest improvement in his style is perceptible. He would do well to follow the example of Mr. Santley, a comparative novice on the theatrical boards, but who, by persevering study and honourable ambition, has already gained considerable experience, and rid himself of drawbacks which were mere trifles compared to the defects of Mr. Haigh, and who, at the present moment, holds one of the foremost positions on our national theatre.

The "début" of Madame Guerrabell was in the highest degree successful. Not less was to be expected of her, judging from her previous efforts in the concert-room. Endowed with a handsome and intelligent countenance, graceful in appearance, and possessing a voice at once pleasing and sympathetic, well trained in the Italian style of singing, she could hardly fail to please and satisfy an English audience. Mdme. Guerrabell showed, moreover, a considerable amount of experience on the stage, and displayed in the finale of the second act powers as a dramatic actress that took the public by surprise. We noticed occasionally a tendency to strain the voice endangering her intonation, but this may result from over anxiety, and being unacquainted with the proportions of the house. Encores, recalls, and bouquets fell to her share, and so great was the enthusiasm of the audience, that it insisted upon congratulating the fair songstress more than once, after the termination of the opera—an honour which was likewise most justly bestowed upon the composer, the conductor, the manager, and the principal singers.

If Mr. Macfarren had every reason to be proud of his reception and be satisfied with the performance, Mr. Wallace, on the other hand, was not quite so fortunate with regard to "Lurline," revived on Tuesday last. Owing to a temporary indisposition of Mr. Santley, his part was undertaken at a short notice by Mr. Henry Corri, who was in his turn replaced by M. Eugène Dussek, and though these gentlemen exerted themselves most creditably, yet the execution of the opera suffered materially by these changes. Another alteration in the original cast was that of Miss McLean appearing in the "rôle" of Ghiva, formerly played by Miss Pilling. This was by no means an improvement. True, Miss McLean obtained an "encore" in "Troubadour, enchanting," the weakest piece in "Lurline," and was presented with a gaily stringed bouquet (we suppose it was her birthday); but we must, nevertheless, be permitted to say that these distinctions were altogether undeserved, since her acting was as tame as her singing. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison performed their old parts of Lurline and Count Rudolph, and gained considerable applause. Whether the opera had been insufficiently prepared as far as the orchestra is concerned, we know not, but it appeared to us as if the splendid band were not so perfect as usual, the accompaniments being far too loud, whilst the foot of the conductor was most active in indicating the time and enforcing obedience from the gallant members of the staff, to the evident injury of the music. We shall be glad to be afforded an opportunity of altering our opinion.

Before closing this notice we wish briefly to allude to another "revival," not in the theatre, but in the concert-room. Amongst the many brilliant illuminations in London, on the birthday of the Prince of Wales, on Saturday last, none attracted more attention than that of St. James's Hall. The name of the heir to the British Crown did not appear, indeed, but that of another Prince, though not of royal blood, yet of distinguished origin, and of foreign extraction, blazed forth in conspicuous type. It was the name of a Prince favourably known to the musical world, and son of the celebrated nobleman, for whom Beethoven wrote some of his finest quartets; we mean Prince George Galitzin. He has commenced a series of Promenade Concerts, at which, besides some good classical pieces and favoured songs, Russian music forms the chief attraction. A Fantasia, entitled "Emancipation" (dedicated to the Russian people), and several "morceaux," of a lighter character, from the pen of Galitzin and Glinka, were much applauded, and executed in a manner which confers great credit on the noble conductor and those under his command. We doubt not that the concerts will prove successful if properly carried out.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A PRIZE of ten guineas has been offered by the Society of British Musicians for the best string quartet, and five guineas for the second best.

Dr. Henry Wylde is about to start a "London Academy of Music," of which he will be the Principal. The services of several able professors have been secured; among others, Herr Molique (Harmony), Dr. Wylde (Pianoforte), Signori Garcia and Schira (singing), Herr Jansa (violin), and M. Paque (violoncello). The academy will be held at St. James's Hall.

The "Musical Society of London" has issued its prospectus of the season. We cannot but think that the Council would have done better, in lieu of giving the four orchestral concerts in the months of March, April, May, and June, to choose an earlier period of the season, when classical orchestral performances are very scarce in London. Surely, two Italian operas, two Philharmonic Societies, over a hundred private concerts and soirées, the great Handel Festival, besides other innumerable musical entertainments, are more than enough for a season of four months. Why must so much music be crammed into so limited a space?

Monsieur Sainton and Madame Sainton-Dolby have returned from a highly successful tour in the provinces. The accomplished pair intend visiting Holland in the beginning of next year, several important engagements having been offered them.

We hear that Madlle. Caroline Ferny, the well-known "violiniste," has abandoned the violin for another instrument by which fortunes are more rapidly made. She has become a vocalist, and possesses, it is said, a "mezzo-soprano" voice of great beauty, while her musical acquirements will soon enable her to appear on the stage.

German tenors on the Italian stage are often to be met with, but Italian singers appearing in German operas are not so plentiful. Signor Morini (not Moriani) has just made his "début" in Vienna as *Arnold*, in "Guillaume Tell," with fair success. He has not quite realized the great expectations that were entertained, but this is partly attributed to the difficulty of singing in a foreign language.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Golden Medal for Art and

Science on the "Wiener Männer Gesang Verein." Herr Carl Formes has likewise received the "Alolphi Order" from the Duke of Nassau.

A German company, under the direction of Madame Ida Bruning are performing in plays and operas, in the German tongue, at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris.

On the occasion of the "Reformations Fest," Handel's oratorio of "Joshua" was performed at the fifth Gewandhaus Concert in Leipzig.

The popular concerts of "Musique Classique," held in the Cirque Napoleon, are increasing in success, hundreds having been unable to obtain admission at the last concert. The "ouvriers" of Paris, we are told, shed tears on hearing the music of Beethoven. We insert the programme of the last concert:—1. Overture (Jubilea), Weber; 2. Symphony in B. flat, Haydn; 3. Concerto for the piano, in G. minor (Mendelssohn), performed by Herr Lubeck; 4. Fragments of the Septuor, by Beethoven; 5. Overture, "Semiramide," Rossini.

Signor Delle Sodie, who, it will be remembered, made a very favourable impression in London last season, is at present engaged at the Italian Opera, Paris, in the place of Signor Graziani, and has achieved a complete success. A Signora Volpini is also spoken of in terms of praise.

Signor Giuglini, we learn from the *Caledonian Mercury*, has received a severe blow, administered by the hand of a lady, that lady being no other than Mdlle. Tietjens. At a recent performance of "Norma," the nose of Pollio came, it appears, in contact with the mallet that strikes the "sacred bronze" summoning the bards and priests to the presence of the jealous Norma. Though somewhat hurt at this sudden ebullition of revenge, the surprised lover was not quite aware of the damage done, until the flow of blood clearly indicated that it was not "all right." He escaped, however, all further attempt at violence by abruptly quitting the stage, but was followed by the penitent Diva, who solemnly declared she would never do it again. The affair was then amicably settled, and the performance allowed to proceed, when, we are told, the "primo tenore assoluto" absolutely sang better than ever.

THE DRAMA.

THE LYCEUM.—PEEP O' DAY.

In an amusing paper on the extravagance of extravaganzas, Mr. Planché relates how he used to advise theatrical managers anxious to make a hit. It was good advice in the main, so, of course, it was thrown away, though backed by the offer of new pieces to prove his theory. As the pieces were exceedingly good also, they were, as a matter of course, rejected as decidedly as the advice, and were refused by nearly all the theatres in London. When produced at last, more from the sheer want of anything else than belief in their merit, they proved great successes, as Mr. Planché in vain tried to persuade the managers they would be; so the "Olympic Revels," and "Ricquet with the Tuft," and "Fortunio" had their run at last. The principal objection to them, Mr. Planché says, was that they were new—that is, different to what was being done, or had been done before, and they frightened the managers in proportion to their novelty. The truth is, Mr. Planché wrote pieces on one theory which the managers rejected on another; and, as usual, a good deal may be said on both sides. Mr. Planché ridicules the prevailing theory, or rather practice, of opposing a very successful piece by something as like it as possible; he thinks an opposition should attempt something totally different to what is having a "run" elsewhere, and make a hit of its own.

The theory would be sound if the great paying public had an independent judgment, and liked originality; but managers are men of experience and mistrust that public in both respects, we fear with good reason. What makes a ribbon, a song, a bonnet, or a play popular it is hard to decide. But in dress, in music, and the drama, the public is gregarious and goes in a herd. Everybody sings the same song, wears the same colour, and goes to see the same play,—because everybody else does. And not only the particular thing is popular, but it fixes the style of thing that prevails—and for the time being, to admire anything else is a heresy. Nor is a fashion that has once taken root easily shaken or put down by another, whether it has fixed its despotism on dress or the drama. The style of extravaganza that Mr. Planché originated has ruled the stage for more than thirty years. Every theatre must have one at Easter; and one theatre plays little else all the year round! It is useless to indulge in fine writing about it, and be indignant on the decay of public taste; it is no new symptom. Every generation seems to get into its own groove in many matters; the great "legitimate" era had its routine. How long did the sentimental comedy of the last century continue to wet the cambric of tearful audiences?

The "good old English comedies" of the John Bull class, that were born of the French war, and abounded in patriotism and virtuous farmers, fixed themselves on us, down to within living memory. The farces, mixed with song, of the "Love in a Village" model, had a long existence. In fact, when the public has got into one of its grooves, it will not be pulled out of it. It won't take the trouble, or has not the courage to cultivate originality; a few might, but it is the mass that pays; and it is the taste of this mass that managers consult. So, in despite of Mr. Planché's theory, we shall for some time to come have extravaganza pitted against extravaganza, and melodramas, with "sensation" effects, rivalling each other. It is said that managers are beginning to be puzzled how to surpass each other in the splendour and intricacy of their "last scenes" in fairy-land; and to "sensation" effects there is probably a limit also, if our eminent actors cannot turn themselves into acrobats, and take flying leaps and "headers" of increasing audacity, till the point of impossibility is reached; at present they must count the chance of breaking their necks as among the ordinary risks of the profession. The peril used to be confined to harlequins; but Mr. Boucicault, like Mr. Planché, has much to answer for, in having commenced a movement that may outgrow the powers of its originator.

Seriously, the "sensation effect" drama must be accepted as established, and, like extravaganza before it, left to its development. Such a "tremendous hit" as the "Colleen Bawn" was not likely to be without imitations; and Mr. Falconer's "Peep o' Day," at the Lyceum, leads the line. It has the one great stage effect that will be indispensable in all of the class; but,

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as a drama, it has more story, action, and incident, than its precursor of the Adelphi.

Of this one "effect," as a modern dramatic feature, it is worth while to examine in what the attraction consists. Startling situations are, of course, nothing new on the stage; but they are generally "effects defective," that is, they are imperfect; the spectators are brought to the edge of something terrible, that stops just at the critical point, and there is a balk. In the "Dead Heart," the guillotine is on the stage; but we know very well that Mr. Webster will not be decapitated. The curtain falls instead of the knife, and all the previous preparation goes for nothing. Stage executions have very slight effect indeed; as for stage killings, by sword or gun, they are as much matters of course, as moving the chairs and tables. But in the "Colleen Bawn" the plunge is real, though the water is not; the action does the thing expected, and the taste for "reality" on the stage is gratified.

The effect in "Peep o' Day" is the descent into the stone quarry, by Harry Kavanagh, to rescue his sister from a murderer. A sapling tree bends, lands Mr. Vezin on the centre of the stage, and returns to its place as naturally as a sapling would do; the feat is really accomplished—there is no deception; and the scene itself, the old quarry, with the rift in the rock, the bridge across it, and the moonlit stream in the distance, is very beautiful—one of Mr. Telbin's triumphs; even without the sudden descent of Kavanagh into the gulf, the action of the whole scene is telling and dramatic. Kathleen is decoyed to the spot by a forged letter, and only suspects treachery when, in the darkness of the quarry, she discovers the newly dug grave that is intended for herself; she is rescued by Kavanagh, who, finding the bridge thrown into the gulf, so as to entrap the victim, descends into the quarry by the way described. The opening scene of the piece is also very effective; the poetic conception by which the fortunes of the Kavanaghs are darkened through the treachery of Purcell, as the sun declines and the evening clouds gather over the Lovers' Dingle, is not, we fear, perceived by the audience so clearly as it deserves to be.

The scenic effects throughout, from the reddening of the sunset clouds to the rising moonlight, both reflected on the waters of the lake, are very fine, and so produced as to be the most exact imitation of nature; the changes melt into each other softly, and the lights and shadows are not so exaggerated as such stage transitions usually are. The life and bustle of the second act, the fair, with the dance, the variety of beggars, rivalling the grotesques of Victor Hugo's "Cour des Miracles," the song and chorus of the "Shan von Vogh," and the grand finale of the faction fight, are as real, in a different way, as the pictorial effects in the preceding act. The stage is crowded with figures, and the rattle of the sticks, with the flying stones and brickbats, hitting friend and foe with delightful impartiality, make it an exciting scene; the appearance of the priest stilling the uproar in a moment, brings the drop down on a most effective tableau.

The third act includes the "sensation" leap we have described above, that pairs off with the "header" in the "Colleen Bawn." The fourth act returns to the cottage and Dingle of the opening scene, and the prospects of the Kavanaghs brighten with the "Peep o' day" that lights up the mountains, just as they grew dark at the commencement of the piece with closing night. We omit any outline of the story, preferring to give the chief effects of the drama, for on those effects it is evident its success will depend.

The heroine of the piece, Kathleen Kavanagh, is played by Mrs. D. P. Bowers. The doubtful state of the law of marriage in Ireland is a new "find" for dramatists; Kathleen, like Geraldine, in "Woman," is in a distressing state of doubt as to whether she is a wife or not. The difficulty is solved by making her undoubtedly a widow, Purcell being shot out of hand, in the last scene, by Barney O'Toole. Mr. Falconer himself plays Barney, an Irish peasant, with a good deal of humour, and without the boisterous exaggeration of the usual stage Irishman. Barney is quiet and self-possessed, with real cunning disguised under affected simplicity. The lighter part of the drama is divided between him and O'Cler, a priest (Mr. Addison), who does not scruple to correct the unruly members of his flock by the practical application of "muscular Christianity," of which Mr. Kingsley was by no means the first exponent.

The dialogue is well written throughout, and can always be followed with interest. This is no slight merit; it is a great improvement on the style of language that used to be thought good enough for melodrama. Mr. Falconer can carry his audience, unwearied, over the perilous gaps that must sometimes occur between the series of incidents. The piece has been very well received by full houses, and deserves to have a long run.

Reviews of Books.

THE ALPS; OR, SKETCHES OF LIFE AND NATURE IN THE MOUNTAINS.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

OUR author describes the mountaineer as a man of a "born and bred sluggishness" which will suffer no improvement in any department of his primitive husbandry—while the weather is fine, and his herd in a safe place, "lying half the day long on the ground," *jodelling* from time to time, that is to say, uttering loud mountain cries, which resound over the valleys, to mark his whereabouts, and "happy in dreamy idleness;" nevertheless, when necessity requires it, capable of vigorous exertion, and facing with equal cheerfulness the awful dangers of giddy precipices, where even his goats can hardly trust themselves, but "where death goes step for step with him," and the less exciting hardships of cold and wet weather so common amid the Alps, where "it rains for weeks together; where clouds lie like evil spirits of the mountain dismally round the huts; when the wet wood will not burn, and it is snowing, though in July, the snow piling up its flakes a foot high, so that the cattle can find no food for days, are roaring for hunger, and give no milk." These, however, are but discomforts. The Swiss peasant is subject also to most serious dangers, against which no foresight, no hardihood,

* The Alps; or, Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains. By H. Berlepsch. Translated by the Rev. Leslie Stephen, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Longman & Co. London.

can protect him; and these perils environ him, not only when climbing the "giddy precipices" already alluded to, but even at home in his cottage in the valley. Shylock speaks of "peril from waters, winds, and rocks," as menacing the safety of the ship and the life of the sailor; but the very same dangers, with circumstances of at least equal terror, always surround, and often destroy, the inhabitant of the region of which we are speaking, when he least apprehends mischief. The volume before us contains sad records of destruction wrought by avalanches, glaciers, and land-slips; describing at some length the destruction of life and property caused by the Gietroz Glacier, in the summer of June, 1818, when the icy dam which had long pent up the waters of the Drause gave way, and the whole valley, from Lourtier to Martigny, became one vast scene of desolation, houses and whole villages being swept away in the vast flood which in one moment burst upon them; and portraying with still more terrible minuteness the catastrophe which, twelve years earlier, overwhelmed the whole valley of Goldau, when the whole mountain, to use the language of the peasants themselves, descended upon them, hurrying nearly 500 souls to instant destruction. Early in the morning of the 2nd September, 1806, the country people remarked fresh clefts in the walls of rock that overhung them. Presently,

"Aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragar,
. . . et nemorum increbrescere murmur."

"In the neighbouring forests a dull sound like that of file-firing was heard from time to time, as though the roots were being forcibly torn asunder." A little later "the pine forests on the same level became unusually animated. At first the tall, slender pine trunks waved gently to and fro, as if touched by an invisible hand, much as in summer the wind produces waves in the half-ripe corn. This wave-like motion increased, but in opposing lines, so that the stems and tree-tops struck against and through each other with an irregular and vehement motion. With harsh cries ravens, crows, jays, and other birds that harboured in the woods flew upwards, and hastened, in flying swarms, in a south-westerly direction, to the forests on the slopes of the Rigi." Signs of evil increased; the vibration of earth and forest became momentarily more and more rapid and irregular; presently "a gentle sliding and slipping of the whole upper slopes commenced." That, too, gradually became more extensive and more swift. A few moments later, and in constantly increasing circles, and "throughout a greater extent, meadows and grass lands, orchards, houses, and stables, with men and cattle, were drawn along into the fearful descent. The people who saw the ground on which they had been born and grown up give way under their feet started up in horror and fled from their homes. Then was heard a thundering roar, as if the old foundations of the earth's crust were uprooted;" in fact, the Steinberg fell, a rock of immense height and vast extent, "with all the forest upon it." This was the signal for universal destruction. In wild confusion rocks, earth, and trees "sometimes whirled up into the air, sometimes enveloped in clouds of dust, chased each other over the mountain shoulders to the valley of Goldau. . . . Mountain blocks as big as houses, with pines fixed to them," hurried along. "In a few minutes hundreds of dwelling-houses, stables, and sheds were destroyed,"—nearly the whole of three large villages, with many detached hamlets, were overwhelmed in the fearful ruin, and became one vast grave for their wretched inhabitants, of whom scarcely any escaped.

The love of the Alpine peasant for the *Ranz des Vaches* has been sung by Moore, and has indeed almost become proverbial; but the reader of the volume before us will be surprised to learn that the cattle also share their masters' feelings, and that "the impression made upon the beasts by these Alpine songs is inextinguishable;" so that if, sold to a distance from their native valleys, they accidentally hear the tune, "all their recollections of the pastures seem to awaken in them; they break out, become quite ungovernable, run up and down, and burst through all the fences."

The amusements of the inhabitants of these valleys still remain of much the same character as when old Arnold Biederman bade his sons practise their manly exercises as a trial which was the best fitted to serve their country, and when their skill in athletic games was such that the young De Vere, noble and knight though he was, was forced to confess himself unable to cope with his entertainers in hurling the bar, or putting the stone. The same games are still, as we learn from our author, the principal diversion at their "Alpstenbieten;" and the mountaineers can still hit a mark at twelve paces distant with a stone of a hundred weight. Wrestling matches are another favourite pastime, held in such esteem among them that one important yearly contest takes place in the refectory of the Capuchin monks at Appenzell, with the holy fathers themselves for umpires; so that a certain sanction of religion is given to an exposition which, as is fairly contended by Mr. Stephen, gives proof of a manly people, of a race which is not effeminate, "but which has still courage and endurance enough to fight for its honour, its freedom, and its fatherland, with the most resolute determination."

On one portion of his book the translator is avowedly at issue with his author, and the part they respectively take is characteristic of their respective countries. The German denounces expeditions to the summits of the different mountains if undertaken "without a conscious purpose, without study, and scientific support," as mere "idle, worthless, and resultless risks." The Englishman stands up in their defence, and expresses a belief that in their hearts many of the scientific climbers agree with him, and have been tempted to make their ascents more from a thirst "for pleasure and excitement," than for the advancement of science. The difficulty and danger of such ascents he pronounces to be considerably exaggerated by Herr Berlepsch, and in some particulars, such as the cost of a journey to the top of Mont Blanc, and the number of guides necessary for each traveller, convicts him of manifest error; as he likewise does of inaccuracy in the list of those who have or have not ascended different peaks, such as the Finsteraarhorn, the Shrechhorn, and others.

If we were to reduce the whole world to strictly utilitarian principles, and

forbid every pastime attended with danger, or which has not some scientific result for its aim and cause, we should greatly abridge the list of human delights. The love of conquering a difficulty is, beyond a question, the principal motive which influences so many of our countrymen, year after year, to scale the steep precipices and traverse the fearful crevices which cross the adventurer's path on his way to the "throne of rocks" on which "the monarch of the mountains" sits crowned. And if it be a spirit which, in this particular instance, is attended by no result of practical profit, it still is one which it is of great importance to a nation to foster, as one which, when directed in other channels, is the fruitful parent of great deeds, great discoveries, and great benefits to mankind. The Alpine traveller himself is he who stands least in need of such a book as that which we have been reviewing, inasmuch as he has a personal knowledge of the scenes and persons described; but we are much deceived if he be the reader to whom its perusal will afford the faintest pleasure, since he will be the best able to appreciate the descriptions, the truthfulness of which is self-apparent from its general style, as well as from the graphic vigour and minuteness of detail of particular passages. We are not qualified by personal experience to appreciate its accuracy like the members of the Alpine Club, but we can honestly bear our testimony to the literary and artistic merits of the work, and to the very interesting character of the information which it conveys.

WORKS OF NAPOLEON THE THIRD.*

THE works of Napoleon the Third show how much easier it is to erect an empire in the world of politics than in the world of literature. The genius, the intellect, the labour, developed in a single book, which, after all, may recommend itself but slowly to mankind, would often, if exhibited in another way, suffice to place the author, at least in troubled times, at the summit of society. Few, however, reflect on this truth, and hence the rapture of admiration with which the possessors of vulgar minds regard the successful adventurer who rises to a throne. Cæsar, who was crowned with the double laurels of thought and action, observed of Lucius Sylla that his ignorance of literature was the reason why he failed to exercise supreme authority in Rome. The full meaning of this saying was hardly caught, even by Bacon. The conqueror of Gaul by no means intended to maintain that it was because the power to distinguish himself as an author was wanting to Sylla, that he could not enact the part of Dictator in the Republic. Perhaps the "mighty Julius," large as was his mind, and keen as was his judgment, misunderstood his predecessor in the dictatorship, who, having succeeded in placing himself above the laws, and beholding the lives of all his fellow-citizens at his mercy, would not permit the delights of absolute power to pall upon the appetite, but laid them aside while they were still in their freshness, that the pleasure might not become tame by use. That he was devoid of the wisdom which great minds derive from the study of letters it would be difficult to believe.

With respect to Napoleon III., history will not be able to say of him *nescivit literas*. He is a man of study, of industry, of thought. He has written, and written well, on a variety of subjects—history, politics, engineering, and the art of war. This is more, perhaps, than any other sovereign in Europe could have done, even if placed in circumstances similar to those in which Napoleon has found himself. This praise we give him without the least grudging, for, though he be the enemy of liberty, the disturber of the tranquillity of Europe, the cause of an immense expenditure to England, and the scourge of France, he is yet, as an intellectual worker, entitled to be spoken of with respect. But we invite the students in psychology to forget for a moment that he is the occupant of a throne, and to examine his ideas, and the proofs he has given of mental energy, without prejudice, in order that they may, if possible, comprehend one of the leading spirits of the age, and learn how comparatively little of what is valuable in human intelligence goes to the making up of a great prince. We have said he has written well on a variety of topics. Let us explain ourselves; it is not our intention to maintain that one line of Louis Napoleon's works will go down through its own intrinsic merits to posterity; our meaning is that, looking at French literature, and comparing his works with those of his neighbours, he must be admitted to rank quite as high as a majority of them. Most Frenchmen who betake themselves to composition have an easy mode of expressing themselves, as if they derived the characteristics of their style from conversation. They often contrive, moreover, to place ordinary ideas in extraordinary situations, and thus to obtain credit with careless observers for originality.

Most of Louis Napoleon's works were written either in exile or in prison, and throughout every one of them is discoverable an open or tacit appeal to that political sentimentality for which the French people are remarkable. Through total neglect of the counsel of the Delphic oracle, they have persuaded themselves that they resemble the Romans, and affect to play, in modern Europe, the part which that great people enacted in antiquity. To affect a belief in this flattering parallel; to discover imaginary affinities between the great statesmen and generals of the Republic and the showy celebrities of France; to insinuate acceptance of the notion that Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar were found united in the first Napoleon, is to insure to any writer a certain amount of popularity, from the shores of the English Channel to the Mediterranean. Louis Napoleon, however, in all his works goes even still farther than this; knowing that in the heart of the French people no feeling is stronger than hatred of England, he from time to time skilfully insinuates his participation in this sentiment. No readers in Europe are so skilful in detecting the purport of an insinuation as the French—a quality which they owe to their having always lived under a despotic government, which surrounds the frank expression of opinion with inconvenience and peril. To gratify such a people, it is not necessary to indulge in coarse declamations against those whose triumphant career in commerce, conquest, and colonisation, inspires them with envy; and accordingly Louis Napoleon displays his aversion for us, "perfidious islanders," in a peculiarly clever way. He knows

that England believes it to be her mission to subdue and govern the East, of which she already holds in her power by far the most valuable portion; and therefore with oracular confidence puts forward in his "Idées Napoleonniennes" the conviction that Russia is destined to take this task out of our hands. Another of England's predilections is, the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in its integrity if possible; if not, at least in possession of a respectable territory, with its ancient capital. Not knowing where he might be compelled to apply for support, but, sure that it would not be to England, the exiled pretender affected to look forward with satisfaction to the appearance of Russia on the Bosphorus. The sentences, however, in which this idea is embodied were written under the surveillance of Nemesis, who, when he came to be master of France, linked him fast to England, and made him co-operate with her in repelling the Muscovite from the Bosphorus, and shivering to atoms his ambitious projects for dominating the regeneration of Asia.

We own that, intrinsically, the works of Napoleon III. are not possessed of much interest, because his historical knowledge is superficial, and his philosophy of the flimsy kind which, brought into vogue by Voltaire, Montesquieu, and the *Système de la Nature*, has governed the mind of France from the beginning of the eighteenth century down to the present day. Still, owing to the accidental position of the writer, they may be said to be full of interest, because in them we find, as it were in their matrices, all the ideas which now pervade the institutions of France. We discover, too, curious illustrations of the differences which official life brings about in the professions if not in the convictions of men. When the imperial speculator, excluded from the country of his birth, watched from Switzerland or England the working of the French press, he became indignant at the thrall to which he saw it subjected, and exclaimed in anger and disgust, that the nation which does not vindicate to itself the right freely to express its own opinions is degraded and despicable. Here, again, Nemesis has been on his track. The government against which he declaimed and conspired fell a victim to the weakness and vacillation of its leader, and popular opinion, effervescing and violent as it always is in France, floated him to the presidency of the Republic. When the liberty of the press had appeared desirable to him he was eagerly looking out for indications of the Bonapartist feeling in the French journals; but, by his election to the head of the State, he had sufficiently learned what those feelings were, and, as he did not intend to act so as to keep them alive much longer, he soon began to regard the unfettered declaration of opinion as an inconvenience, afterwards as a crime. Chains were then gradually imposed on the French press, which in the early days of the second empire became the most servile and debased in Europe. They who love to observe how, under various disguises, character exhibits itself, will derive much pleasure from an attentive perusal of the "Considérations Politiques sur la Suisse," in which the present emperor put forward, when in exile, his views of government less systematically, perhaps, than in the "Idées Napoleonniennes," but still with sufficient distinctness to enable us to follow his trains of thinking.

More than in most cases the works of Louis Napoleon constitute a commentary on his life. It seems reasonable enough to conclude that he is a believer in destiny—nearly all unscrupulous men are—since to stem the inroads of conscience they seek to persuade themselves that they only form a part of some vast system of machinery by which everything in the universe is regulated. This appears to throw off from themselves all responsibility for their actions. Napoleon the First, popularly assumed to have been his uncle, wielded over France an imperial sceptre, and the son of Hortense looked, or affected to look upon, the events of the years which had preceded his manhood, as so many family traditions which indissolubly bound up his fortunes with those of France. Liberty was in his mouth always, while despotism was in his heart. He spoke of democracy; but meant absolutism. Aristocracy he pretended to hate, because it constitutes an insurmountable barrier against the establishment of tyranny; yet while in this country he steadily haunted, as far as practicable, the houses of the great, and associated with but few others, save and except such as by the brilliance or popularity of their writings could recommend his cause to the French people.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF THE CRUSADES.*

THE translation of Von Sybel's "History and Literature of the Crusades" is a valuable contribution to English literature. The author, Von Sybel, is a high authority on the subject to which this volume is devoted. He commenced his studies by an examination of the historians of the Crusades under the superintendence of Ranke, and published in 1841, 1850, and 1855, works and lectures all bearing upon the same topic. The volume now published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and admirably translated under the superintendence of Lady Duff Gordon, comprises, first, "The Lectures delivered at Munich," in 1855; and, secondly, "The Preface to the History of the First Crusade," published in 1841. In the lectures will be found a brief but accurate outline of the Crusades; whilst in the second part is given an analysis of the writings of the various persons, who were narrators of the different events occurring during the progress of the Crusades. Both parts are very valuable; but the latter is the more useful and important.

In the preface by the translator, reference is made to the compositions of Mills and of Michaud, but no notice is taken of a work still more recently published in Paris, and entitled the "Dictionnaire des Croisades," and yet there will be found in it an analysis of the works of the different historians, as well as a biographical account of the leading Crusaders. The volume to which we allude was, if we remember it correctly, published by Migné, and much was there attempted, which is now more fully accomplished by Von Sybel. The publication of "The Dictionary of the Crusades" takes from Von Sybel's labours the claim to

* The History and Literature of the Crusades. From the German of Von Sybel. Edited by Lady Duff Gordon. London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1861.

originality that otherwise might be established for the plan he has pursued by giving a synopsis of "the literature of the Crusades;" but it does not in the slightest degree diminish the importance that should deservedly be attached to his published volume—the result of sedulous study, and a careful examination of the authors whose works he has cited.

Amongst modern writers upon the Crusades, those whose books are best known are Wilkens's "Geschichte der Kreuzzüge," Schlosser's "Zeiten der Kreuzzüge," Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades," and Charles Mill's "History of the Crusades." To most English readers the two last may alone be said to be familiar—the latter, because it is a purely English work; and the other, because it is included by Mr. Bohn amongst his cheap and useful series of translations. As "authorities," the opinion is very plainly expressed by Von Sybel, that each is equally valueless; that neither draws a clear line between original and secondary authorities; and that neither marks the distinction between matters that are purely historical and merely legendary. In his comments upon Michaud, we do not, however, conceive that full justice is done by Von Sybel to that eloquent and accomplished author. Some value ought, at least, to be attached to the diligence exhibited by Michaud, in his "Bibliothèque des Croisades"—a collection of the chronicles of France, Italy, England, Germany, and the writings of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Arabians in connection with the Crusades.

In the account of the Crusades by Von Sybel there is no attempt at picturesqueness in style, and there is an absence of minute, personal details. It is a solemn, sedate narrative, compensating for its want of brilliancy by its scrupulous accuracy. Not a statement is made—it might be even added, that not a word is used, but one based upon authority. The author who had rendered himself previously known in other works by his decidedly anti-Papal sentiments is, however, a panegyrist of the celebrated Pope Gregory VII., for urging upon the kings and leaders of Christendom the propriety of undertaking a Crusade against the Turks. Von Sybel shows that Mohammedanism was, from its very origin, an aggressive power; that it aimed at universal dominion; and that circumstances, apparently accidental, alone prevented the object of its ambition being accomplished.

It is in the following manner Von Sybel contrasts the designs of the Turks in the eighth, and the counter-project of Gregory VII. in the eleventh century:—

"In the year 715 these hordes had overrun all Western Asia, the whole northern coast of Africa, and Spain, even beyond the Pyrenees. Muza, the ambitious conqueror of Spain, conceived the plan, which, though vast, was not too extensive for men accustomed to subdue the world, by two great simultaneous attacks to render the whole of Christendom subservient to the Prophet. For this purpose one army was to advance from Asia Minor towards Constantinople, and another to march across the Pyrenees upon the empire of the Franks; then from east and west to unite their triumphant forces in Rome, the centre of Christianity" (pp. 4, 5).

"It seemed as if the times of Muza had returned, and Rome was again to be threatened both from the East and the West. But Gregory VII. felt himself more secure than Charles Martel, and resolved to anticipate the attack. In France he pleaded with great effect to obtain assistance for the Spaniards; in Rome he got together, in 1074, an army of 50,000 men, faithful followers of St. Peter, whom he intended to lead in person to the relief of Constantinople and the destruction of the Turks. He called upon the German emperor, Henry IV., with whom he was still at peace, to help him in this undertaking, and at the same time expressed his intention of first bringing back the Greeks and Armenians to the unity of the Church of Rome; after which he should lead the triumphant army to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It affords a fresh evidence that, with all his enthusiasm, the turn of his mind was eminently practical and calculating, that he should look upon the Holy Sepulchre only as the final ornament of victory, whilst the task he saw before him was the gradual extension of conquest and the establishment of a solid foundation in Constantinople, whence the expulsion of the Turks from Asia Minor and Armenia, and his own triumphant entry into Jerusalem, would follow as a matter of course. It was the first, and for many subsequent centuries the last time, that so vast and so methodical a plan of attack upon Asia had been conceived in Christian Europe" (pp. 20, 21, 22).

The author, Von Sybel, ascribes this plan of Gregory VII. to circumstances that occurred at the moment, and which, according to his description given of them, compelled the Turks again to become in the eleventh, what they had been at the commencement of the eighth, century—an actively aggressive and urgently ambitious power. The fact is, they had never ceased to be so. The writings of the monkish chroniclers and historians are filled with narratives of the cruelties perpetrated century after century, by the invading Turks, upon peaceful Christians. Two extracts will be sufficient to show this. Flodoard, in writing a narrative of the events of his own times, thus alludes to the Turks appearing in Italy in the year 951, the same year in which Otho the Great expelled the tyrant Berenger from Pavia, and became united in marriage to the celebrated Adelaide, afterwards canonized as "Saint Adelaide."

"The Saracens took possession of the passes in the Alps, and having exacted a tribute from the travellers who were repairing to Rome, allowed them to proceed on their journey" (Chron. a. 951).

Another monkish writer—Glaber—in giving an account of contemporary events, states, in the following terms, that the evils of a general dearth, which were experienced in the year 1015, were aggravated by an incursion of the Turks.

"Fast following upon the sufferings caused by this affliction—the famine—was an invasion of the Saracens, who, headed by their king, Altmuzor, had sailed from Africa, and took possession of nearly the whole of Spain, even up to the southern borders of the Gauls. In several encounters they made a frightful carnage of the Christians. William, Duke of Navarre, surnamed Sanchus, did not, however, fear to encounter them several times in battle, even though he was far inferior to them in numbers. As there were not enough of lay persons to make up a sufficient troop of soldiers to defend their country, the monks were under the necessity of taking up arms. After great losses on both sides, victory finally remained with the Christians, but they had to pay a heavy price for it. The Saracens who survived their defeat, withdrew again to Africa. It has been proved that the Christians lost, in these daily conflicts with the Saracens, a great number of persons who had devoted themselves to a religious life, but who had been attracted

to the field of battle far more by a feeling of charity and love for their brethren than by any desire for the vain glories of this world" (Rodolfi Glabri, *Historia Lib. iii. c. 9*).

Similar extracts could be given from other writers, showing that from the rise of Mohammedanism to the parting from Europe of the first Crusaders, there was no peace in Christendom—that the Crescent was the untiring foe to the Cross, and that never, until the Christians became an aggressive power, were their homes secure, nor their churches safe from massacre and desecration. The idea of the Crusades was the great thought of a wise, prudent, and far-seeing statesman; but still, with all their failings, failures, blunders, and mishaps, the Crusades were grand events; no nobler theme could be chosen for a great and popular history—but that history remains as yet unwritten in any language.

Von Sybel, who sees the defects of others, has not himself the gifts which qualify him for such a task. The coldness, calmness, and impartiality, which so well suit him to be a critic, chill his narrative, and render his descriptions devoid of vitality. He can draw faithful likenesses, but they are rigid statues or stiff pictures; they represent the man who *has been*, but not the living man, with blood beating in his veins, and passions stirring in his heart. We can listen to Von Sybel's narrative attentively, for we are sure he is telling what he believes to be the truth; but he never moves the feelings of the reader, and never excites pity for the suffering, admiration for the virtuous, or detestation for the wicked. His "History," when placed by the side of what has been written by Michaud, or Mill, or Schlosser, or best of all, Wilkins, is as tame as a formal English "Bill of Indictment," when compared with a graphic French "Acte d'Accusation." It is strange that he can remain so impassive, when the original authorities to which he has incessantly to refer are so full of fire. He is frigid, even whilst he stands close to those Promethean sparks which animated Tasso, and inspired the greatest and most perfect epic of modern times, "*Gerusalemme Liberata*."

Von Sybel is very accurate, but he is also very dull. He understands his subject thoroughly, but he has no sympathy with it. Let us stop for an instant and compare his narrative, not with that of any modern writer, but with one of the old Crusader-historians. Both describe the manner in which Antioch was obtained possession of by the Christians—that is, through the treachery of a Turkish commander, who gave up the tower to Bohemund and his followers. Here is Von Sybel's account of the incident:—

"During the night, he (Bohemund), accompanied by sixty knights, scaled one of the towers of the town-wall, guarded by Firuz" (the Turkish traitor); "and through the nearest gate, which he instantly opened to them, the army poured into the town, and overpowered the Turkish garrison, amid a frightful struggle and bloodshed" (*History of the Crusades*, p. 38).

Here is the account of the same transaction by the old warrior and historian, Rodolph, of Caen:—

"The night had at last come, and in the midst of universal silence, Bohemund directed his steps towards the tower that had been promised to him. His march was not unaccompanied by fatigue, for he had to proceed all the way on foot, as the position of the tower was upon a declivity so precipitous that it was not accessible on horseback. In setting forth from his encampment, Bohemund despatched a courier in advance, whose business it was to examine and decide for himself whether the walls could, with safety, be scaled. Now it should be known that the pious traitor, when he had last parted from Bohemund, had agreed upon this signal:—'When you, my lord,' said he, 'shall start upon this expedition, send forward a messenger to the base of my tower; for I will be incessantly on the watch at the ramparts. If all goes well with us, I shall throw down two stones, one after the other; but if there is any danger, such shall be signified by my throwing down one stone only.' The courier then, having been sent in advance to ascertain how the affair was likely to proceed, and, upon approaching the wall, being instantly recognized, and receiving at the same time the signal that all was going on as desired, he returned to tell what he had just learned.

"Bohemund, who was already marching forward, soon arrived under the walls, and, finding a cord suspended outside them, attaches his ropes to it, and they were speedily drawn up by the Armenian. Then, when the ropes had been well secured by fast knots, young men, light as plumed birds, and their swords well girt to their bodies, aided by these ropes, flew up into the air. Govel of Chartres was the first who so ascended; he sprang up like to an eagle, which, in teaching its young ones to fly, flutters and mounts over their heads. A noble warrior was he; one who hungered and thirsted for nought else than glory, whose ardent desire ever was not to be illustrious that he might live, but that he might live to be illustrious! At first there was maintained a profound silence—that is, so long as a small number of men had to dread an assault from a multitude of foemen; but so soon as they found themselves in sufficient numbers upon the ramparts, then all fear was forgotten, and the courage of lions was in the hearts of those who, from the manner in which they had scaled the walls, had made themselves like unto birds."—*Gesta Tancredi Principis in Expeditione Hierosolymitana, auctore Radulpho Cadomensi, c. lxvi. Muratori, Rer. Ital. Script. vol. v. p. 308.**

Defective as the preceding translation may be, and however inadequately it may represent the thoughts of the original, still there is discernible in it the description of an actual scene—there are told the real incidents of a covert assault—the stillness of the night-march, the precautions of the traitor, the watchfulness of the commander of the expedition, the perilous ascent accomplished by valiant warriors—their risk of life—their desire for fame—the change of their demeanour, from a few, apprehensive of their own lives, into the furious courage of lions raging for slaughter. It is an animated description of the

* We purposely quote Rodolph of Caen's account of the capture of Antioch, in preference to other original writers, although incidents, well worth introducing into the narrative, are stated by them. We refer to Rodolph for two reasons: first, the copy of his work to be found in *Muratori* seems to have escaped the notice of Von Sybel (at least, it is not alluded to); and our second reason for quoting Rodolph of Caen, is for the purpose of contrasting his narrative with that of Von Sybel, as the German writer admits him on this very point—the capture of Antioch—to be an indisputable authority. Here are the words of Von Sybel:—

"As to the capture of the city, his testimony is decisive. No one can lay claim to higher credibility as to the treachery of Firuz and the negotiations that preceded it, than the cousin of Bohemund, who derived his knowledge intimately from that prince."—*Literature of the Crusades*—Rodolph of Caen, p. 195.

acts of men, by one who felt and acted, and afterwards wrote as a man. None of this is discernible in the pages of Von Sybel. He lectures—like a surgeon in Westminster Hospital school—not upon the “living model,” but upon the dry bones and dead body of that from which life has departed and he has not the gift to restore.

Von Sybel's book confirms us in the conviction that we have long entertained with respect to the “Crusades,” and that is—that the greatness of such an enterprise—of the First Crusade especially—never can be fully appreciated until that history is published in the very words of the original historians.

We believe that a compilation made from those historians, giving the events in due chronological order and in the words of the original writers, would be a very popular book. The interest in the subject can never cease, and it is one which a careful translation of the Crusaders' writings could not but tend to diffuse universally. With such a guide as Von Sybel as to which of the authors are most to be relied upon, a valuable and most attractive narrative could, we are sure, be composed.

As to the manner in which Lady Duff Gordon has performed the portion of duty assigned to her in bringing out this volume, we have no words but those of praise to bestow. The most unlearned can recognize the taste and ability exhibited in the execution of her task; and the best proof of the care bestowed in editing this volume is shown in the translation of some of the old Crusaders' ballads. The following stanza from the ballad entitled “The Taking of the Cross at Clermont,” is written in the very spirit of the olden time,—it is buoyant with life and redolent of poetry:—

“ When that their steeds were stabled and fairly foddered all,
That night at board and beaker they feasted them in hall,
And fair disport and solace they held till morning tide,
When that the pope in all his might, he borne him forth to ride;
The king and all his Paladins gave him attendance due,
With the merry bells a-pealing, the Minster doors unto;
And when the pope had said the Mass, the multitude of folk
Out at the doors, all in hot haste, crushing and crowding broke.
There were so many thousands there gathered, as men say
Nor house nor hall, nor Minster wall, e'er built, might them contain.
It was a fair May morning, the birds sang roundelay,
The trees were white with blossom, buds sprang on every spray;
All golden lay the meadows in the sunlight's gladsome sheen,
As they sat them down by companies upon the springing green;
To left and right as far as sight could stretch they hid the sod;
The pope he stood alone, and preached the pilgrimage of God.
From son to sire like holy fire God's spirit spread His word;
Was not one eye of thousands dry, was not one heart unstirred! ”

No English historical library can be considered complete without this volume of Von Sybel's “History and Literature of the Crusades.”

THE NORTH CHINA CAMPAIGN OF 1860.*

WE have here two histories of our war with China—the war begun and concluded in the last year—one by a soldier, the other by a civilian; so that we have the advantage of having the whole subject presented to us at once from two different points of view, while they corroborate each other so completely that we may feel certain of the substantial accuracy of the impressions which they convey to us. The events which led to this last war are too fresh in the memory of all our readers to require recapitulation here. It will be sufficient to refer to Colonel Wolseley's arguments, by which, in summing up the result of the campaign (p. 323), he convincingly shows that we had no alternative whatever, unless we chose weakly and blindly to renounce the advantages which the preceding expedition had secured to us. The old Samnite truthfully explained to his countrymen the principle on which, and on which alone, wars can be justified:—“Justum est bellum quibus necessarium; pia arma, quibus nulla, nisi in armis, relinquuntur spes.” And certainly the renewal of war with China was not only a matter of “necessity,” but was our only “hope,” after the events of 1859 proved that no promises nor positive treaties could bind that most faithless of all governments as long as they had the slightest idea that it might be safe or possible in any way to violate or to evade them. If arguments founded on the obligations of good faith could have had the slightest influence with the Chinese, we had treaties enough already. That negotiated by Sir Henry Pottinger had stipulated for our having access at all times into Canton. By the Tientsin treaty of 1858 “it had been agreed that we should have liberty to travel at all times through all parts of the country, and that the treaty itself should be ratified in the presence of our Minister at Pekin;” but “when endeavouring to push his way thither for that purpose, Mr. Bruce was opposed by force of arms, and prevented from accomplishing his object”—(Wolseley, p. 324). This resolution to violate the treaty the very first moment that it was attempted to be carried out, led to the attack upon us in 1859; and if we had not instantly inflicted chastisement and exacted reparation for that insult and that injury, all our former efforts, both by war and by negotiation, would have been thrown away; and in the scanty intercourse which might still have subsisted between the two nations, we should have been considered by the Chinese, as, indeed, we should have given them reason to consider us, a pusillanimous nation, careless of honour if it interfered with profit, a people on whom they could at all times trample with safety, since no wrong could tempt us to a retaliation which might endanger our trade. This, in fact, clearly was the idea which they had formed of us: their recollection of 1860 will prevent them from re-admitting it for some time.

As soon as the news of the attack upon our ships at the mouth of the Peiho reached England, it was determined at once to send out a twofold expedition, that is to say a naval and military force, to bring the Chinese Government to its senses, and compel them to submission; and a civil Commissioner to arrange

* Narrative of the North China Campaign of 1860; containing Personal Experiences of Chinese Character, and of the Moral and Social Condition of the Country; together with a Description of the Interior of Pekin. By Robert Swinhoe, of H.M.'s Consular Service in China, Staff Interpreter during the Campaign to His Excellency Sir Hope Grant. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Narrative of the War with China in 1860; to which is added, the Account of a short Residence with the Taeping Rebels at Nankin; and a Voyage from thence to Hanhow. By Lieut.-Col. G. J. Wolseley, 90th Light Infantry, Deputy Adjutant-Quartermaster to the Expeditionary Force. London: Longman & Co.

the terms on which that submission should be made. In the latter respect we were unusually fortunate. Good generals and admirals have very seldom been wanting to us when we have had need of them; but we have not always shone equally in diplomacy. On the contrary, it has been made a frequent reproach to us, that the advantages which we had gained with our swords we subsequently throw away by our unskillfulness in negotiation. This, however, was not the case in this instance; the British Commissioner was the same who had negotiated the treaty of 1858, Lord Elgin, who had given repeated proofs of the very highest capacity for civil government and for diplomatic negotiation, and who on this occasion again displayed these qualities in a most eminent degree, with the addition of a courage and fortitude which, though they might well have been expected in the heir of the Bruce, are rarely required to such an extent of those employed in the peaceful occupations of an ambassador. According, indeed, to Mr. Swinhoe, these qualities were outwardly conspicuous in his Excellency; and his appearance must have been as formidable to the Chinese as that of the most warlike of our generals; since that writer tells us that he arrived in Talienshan Bay “on the 9th of July, the breath of Mars issuing from his nostrils, much to the delight of the whole army” (Swinhoe, p. 33). It was decided on commencing operations without delay; and accordingly as soon as the necessary arrangements had been made by the French and English commanders-in-chief, the expedition moved forward to the mouth of the Peiho, the scene of our disaster of the preceding year. The ships of the French fleet had not been so carefully adapted for the expedition as ours, so that they were found to draw too much water for the bay, to which it had been intended to direct their course. And finally the rendezvous for the united force of the two nations was fixed upon “at a point to be indicated by one of our men of war, twenty miles south of the Peiho.” (Wolseley, p. 83).

It is not without reason that, among other circumstances of our triumph, Colonel Wolseley points with exultation to the shortness of the campaign. It was not till July 26 that the ships weighed anchor and sailed from Talienshan Bay for the rendezvous. On the 13th of October Pekin was surrendered to us, and the Chinese Government was at our mercy, compelled to submit to whatever terms Lord Elgin might choose to dictate, if they would save their capital from destruction. Colonel Wolseley is a soldier, and a distinguished one, often dilating with natural partiality on the splendid prowess exhibited by our soldiers of all arms in this campaign, and dwelling, with a pride which none of his readers can fail to share with him, on the superiority of military judgment displayed by his own friend and commander, Sir Hope Grant, to that of the French general, Montauban; but he seems to have felt the exhibition of our naval force on this occasion one more calculated to impress strangers with an idea of the greatness of our power, drawing from what he then saw an inference precisely agreeing with an opinion which we have ourselves expressed very lately in this paper, that it is in vain for any other nation to seek to rival us in naval pre-eminence, and his argument on the subject is so concisely and forcibly expressed, that we will quote it in his own words. The list of our ships given by Mr. Swinhoe (p. 44), formidable as it seems, wholly fails to give an idea of the real naval force which we displayed to the eyes of the astonished Chinamen. A list, with which we have been furnished by one of the most gallant of the officers employed in the expedition, shows that, of one class and another, the amazing number of 240 vessels were bearing aloft the British flag in those strange waters; and

“the magnitude of our naval resources was brought forcibly home to the mind of every one who saw such a vast fleet collected in the Gulf of Pecheli, without in any way interfering with our commerce elsewhere. No collection of men-of-war in one spot could impress foreigners with the fact of our power and greatness afloat nearly so much as that immense display of our mercantile marine in such an out-of-the-way place. Fleets of war exhibit the metal wrought up and finished for immediate use; but in our vast merchant service we have the inexhaustible mine from whence the ore is drawn. Other nations may have the former upon the breaking out of hostilities, but, after a couple of years' war, and the losses consequent thereon, from whence can they recruit? Sailors cannot be made in one voyage; and until other nations can compete with us in their mercantile marine, we may rest assured of having ever our existing preponderance at sea” (Wolseley, p. 85).

On the 1st of August our troops began to land at Pehtang, a town, or rather, according to Mr. Swinhoe, “a village, by no means of the first class,” about ten miles north of the Peiho. The French shared with us the occupation of it; and the two armies divided the quarters it afforded between them, the greater part of the inhabitants having fled at our approach, though some had preferred committing suicide to taking that trouble. Mr. Swinhoe, as a civilian unused to the barbarities of war, records, with sorrow and apparent surprise, that even those who fled “with their packs of worldly goods on their backs,” did not by so doing save them from the ruthless grasp of the invaders, but were stopped by “prowling soldiers, who made them exhibit the contents of their packs;” and, we presume, took a pretty heavy toll of them when sufficiently tempting. He records, however, at the same time, the “strong injunctions” which “Sir Hope Grant issued against looting” (p. 64), and the stern justice with which he enforced them; contrasting the discipline which he preserved in this particular, with the licence the French General permitted to his men, who were plundering all day without concealment and without restraint. The pigs especially were marked out by the Frenchmen for their booty, a kind of plunder the more inexcusable, since, according to the same authority, they could manage to make an equally good meal of the dogs and cats in the streets, and be thankful for it, shouting over it “‘Vive l'Empereur!’ with as earnest a zeal as if the Emperor himself had been accessory to the production of the flavoured dish” (Swinhoe, p. 75). Of the military operations we need hardly enter into any minute detail. The Chinese and Tartars fought with great bravery, often standing very heavy fire from our guns without flinching; and Sankolinsin, the Commander-in-Chief, appears to have possessed considerable talents for war; but the advance of our troops was as much impeded by the natural difficulties of the country as by the more active resistance of the enemy;

the road rains have requisite furnished lately man again by rotten without, Takoo for the super attack; respons exulting likely to show us to-morrow. The ar Lord Elg appointed much time that they possession been pre chief of the failure been pre advancing a strong superior a partly to in looking loaded with a son to which, set fire. the bulls their back in china s eternal glo in modern case we s more men other plan been only of the Ch their guns. But this gloom over and of ou taken plac treacherous power—an titiations w It was felt endangerin trial than to his pu honour, th been consu with every could sug bore their their anim of the nat cajoled (W object of o but after m had died o Brabazon received in. After the advanced o we compel raised the remotest p of their mo Chinese su before he d the faither Had he kn but, in ign word of a I every provo wrath, tho not really Pekin stood had been la

the road lying across swamps traversed by a narrow causeway, which the recent rains had soaked into a mud almost as deep as the actual morass; the exertions requisite to get the artillery over such ground were enormous, and their success furnished, according to Colonel Wolseley, "a convincing denial of the statements lately made in a military newspaper, and unblushingly repeated over and over again by the editor, that the carriages of the Armstrong guns were made of rotten wood" (p. 101). Colonel Wolseley pronounces "the story simply untrue, without, as far as we could learn, an atom of foundation for its origin." The Takoo forts soon fell. Mr. Swinhoe corroborates Colonel Wolseley's account of the superior judgment displayed by Sir Hope Grant in several particulars of the attack; General Montauban "protesting that he would wash his hands of the responsibility should the attack prove a failure;" and the French staff in general exulting in this failure of ours, which they agreed with him in foreseeing, as likely to afford them an opportunity for "la grande chose" which they would show us on the "demain" (Swinhoe, p. 123)—a "demain" which, like the to-morrow in the proverb, "never came."

The army pushed on; soon it reached Tientsin, where it was announced to Lord Elgin and his French colleague, Baron Gros, that Commissioners had been appointed to negotiate with them. By the end of August they arrived; but after much time had been lost in evasions of one kind and another, it was discovered that they had no powers to conclude any convention. (Afterwards when we took possession of Yuen-ming-Yuen, we even found a draft of a decree, which had been prepared before the Commissioners left Pekin, degrading Kweiliang, the chief of these commissioners, in order to convince us that to him alone was owing the failure of the negotiations in which he was thus employed, and which it had been predetermined were to come to nothing.) Lord Elgin at once decided on advancing towards Pekin, on the road to which city Sankolinsin had taken up a strong position, and was prepared to bar our advance. He trusted partly to his superior acquaintance with the country, partly to his overpowering numbers, and partly to an ingenious device, which no doubt fully justifies those who imagined it in looking down on English soldiers as "barbarians." Some herds of bulls were loaded with large quantities of combustibles and explosive mixtures, covered over with a sort of umbrella-like clothing; crackers were fastened under their tails, to which, when they had been brought up close to our ranks, it was intended to set fire. It was confidently reckoned that the exploding crackers would madden the bulls to charge us, and would at the same time set fire to the combustibles on their backs; that our men would be so dismayed as to let them, like other "bulls in china shops," have it all their own way, and so we should be discomfited to the eternal glory of Sankolinsin, and the profound engineer who contrived this novelty in modern warfare. Whether he was "hoist with his own petard," which in his case we suppose would be being tossed by his own bulls we do not know; since no more mention is made of him or of his cattle. At all events, neither his nor any other plan succeeded; with a most trivial loss on our part ("our casualties had been only twenty, the French fifteen," Wolseley, p. 181), we utterly routed 20,000 of the Chinese, slaying vast numbers of them, and taking upwards of eighty of their guns.

But this success, brilliant as it was, was attended by a drawback, which cast a gloom over the whole army, and severely tried the firmness of our commanders and of our great ambassador. Some discussions with the Chinese officers had taken place before the battle, in the course of which the Chinese, by a series of treacherous acts, had got nearly forty British and French subjects into their power—among whom were Mr. Parkes, who had conducted many of our negotiations with them; Mr. Loch, Lord Elgin's secretary; Captain Brabazon, &c. It was felt that the attack upon the Chinese position could not be made without endangering their lives; and few men have had their firmness put to a severer trial than Lord Elgin, when he was forced to disregard their safety from a regard to his public duty to his country. It must be recorded to their everlasting honour, that their whole conduct showed that they themselves, could they have been consulted, would have wished him to act as he did act. They were tortured with every inhumanity that the ingenuity of their barbarous and faithless captors could suggest, but their constancy never quailed; even the common soldiers bore their sufferings with unshaken fortitude; while Mr. Parkes, against whom their animosity was principally directed, "upon all occasions upheld the dignity of the nation to which he belonged, never allowing himself to be intimidated or cajoled (Wolseley, p. 270) into promising any concessions inconsistent with the object of our expedition." He was subsequently restored to our camp in safety, but after much suffering, with several of the partners of his captivity; but many had died of the tortures which had been inflicted on them; and two, Captain Brabazon and a French gentleman, of the name of De Lnc, had been beheaded by command of one of the Chinese generals, in revenge for a wound which he had received in the battle.

After the battle, distinguished by Colonel Wolseley as "near Palecheau," we advanced on Pekin; and, by threats of storming it if it were not opened to us, we compelled the surrender of one of its gates, over which our troops speedily raised the Union Jack; and the metropolis of China, which the inhabitants of the remotest provinces of the empire regarded with reverential awe as the palladium of their monarchy, was in the hands of the barbarian English. Now, at last, the Chinese sued for peace in sincerity, and Lord Elgin was willing to grant it; but before he did so he resolved to inflict a signal and memorable chastisement on the faithlessness and barbarity to which our countrymen had been sacrificed. Had he known of their fate earlier he would have left his mark on Pekin itself; but, in ignorance of this, our commander had promised to spare it, and the word of a British general and a British ambassador was to be held sacred under every provocation. And it was well that it was so; had he visited Pekin with his wrath, those who would most have felt it would have been the people, who were not really responsible for the crimes of their chiefs; but a few miles from Pekin stood the Yuen-ming-Yuen, the summer palace of the Emperor, on which had been lavished all that Chinese art could contribute to the beauty of the abode

and the luxury of its imperial inhabitant. It had already been stripped of its treasures by the victorious armies. That, however, was a hurried act; it might at a future day have been perhaps represented by Chinese falsehood as an accident of war, apologized for and forgiven. But Lord Elgin now determined to destroy it with every circumstance of deliberation; and the first division of the army was sent to destroy the gardens, to remove everything that might remain of value, and then to burn the buildings to the ground. The French commissioner and general objected to this mode of chastisement as an act of Goth-like barbarism. It was generally commended in England; and few will hesitate to endorse Colonel Wolseley's opinion that, as a punishment, it was richly deserved, and as a permanent proof of the reality of our victory, that it "considerably hastened the final settlement of affairs, and strengthened our ambassador's position" (p. 279). The reality of our victory it will be hard for any one to question who saw the palace in flames, and recollects that after its destruction the Emperor's servants sued humbly for peace, and consented further to pay large sums for the expenses of the war, and as an indemnity to the victims whom they had tortured or to their families.

Thus, again we quote the words of Col. Wolseley: "ended the China war of 1860; the shortest, the most brilliant, and the most successful of all that we have waged with that country. Let us hope that it may be the last, by procuring for our merchants a perpetual immunity from threats of violence and oppression which have led to all our disputes with the Pekin Government." We may also reasonably hope that its success, so mainly attributable to the skill and firmness of Lord Elgin, may be an omen to him of similar success in the still more arduous undertaking that lies before him, of completing the pacification and developing the resources of an empire as large as that of China; but one which, though it has now been for upwards of a century under a more enlightened Government, is as yet far behind China in manufactures, in agriculture, and in many of the arts that contribute most to the wealth and prosperity, and, therefore, to the tranquillity of a country. It is proverbially dangerous to prophesy, but we may well augur a brilliant era for India under the government of a statesman who has had many arduous tasks before him, and has never failed in one of them.

Our space will not allow us to accompany Col. Wolseley through his visit to Nankin and one of the rebel kings, or to examine his views of the Taiping religion, and of the probability that the extension of our commercial relations with China may pave the way for the establishment of Christianity in that country. Nor, for the same reason, can we do more than allude to the interesting account of the present condition of China, given by Mr. Swinhoe; to whom a protracted residence there, as one of our consuls, has given peculiar facilities for forming a comprehensive and accurate judgment. For these matters we must refer to the volumes themselves, both of which are eminently worthy of a careful perusal.

MEMOIR OF BARON LARREY.*

THIS memoir of the illustrious surgeon, Baron Larrey, professes to be a translation from the French; and the title-page of the book is, in itself, an indication of the manner in which the translation has been executed, for it is a bad mixture both of the French and English languages. The first paragraph in the first page affords a specimen of the carelessness or incompetency of the translator. It is in the following style the work opens:—

"There are men who become the glory of their age. Their country is proud to count them among the number of her children, and their contemporaries, in advance of the judgment of posterity, have not praise enough to bestow on their shining actions. Their way of life is a constant instructor, while in their way from life to death there is that indescribable calmness which characterises the end of the just. Such was Larrey."

In page 3, the reader is informed that Larrey was born "at the feet of the Hautes Pyrénées;" in page 4 that he lost his father when he was thirteen years old, and then that

"So young an orphan as Larrey then was, he had need of consolation. However, the welcome of his uncle soothed his grief."

In the same page the translator, apparently ignorant of the custom in France of relations invariably addressing each other in the second person singular, combines together in the same sentence the second persons, singular and plural:—

"Welcome, my young friend; my house is thine. I will try to replace the tender father whose loss you bewail, and you shall be my adopted son."

In page 5, this is the last sentence of the first chapter:—

"It was in that vast hospital, and at the Hôtel Royal des Invalides that Larrey acquired knowledge sound enough to enable him to serve with éclat, three years later, in the army of the Rhine, under the command of Marshal Luckner."

These are specimens of the manner in which the present memoir "from the French" is compiled. The task has been performed by one who is not a good French scholar, and is so utterly ignorant of medical terms that, when he finds mention made of the malady known to physicians in this country as "plica Polonica," he is obliged to leave it as it is described in the French language—"plique Polonnaise."

The name and actions of Larrey entitle him to better treatment than he has received in this work. He was a most distinguished member of a profession which may justly claim for itself the merit of giving higher, nobler, and purer examples of disinterestedness and heroic self-sacrifice than any other profession or calling to which men devote themselves. John Dominic Larrey, by his talents and skill, added to the fame which had previously attached to the medical family of which he was a member. He had been preceded by his kinsman, Alexis

* Memoir of Baron Larrey, Surgeon-in-Chief of the Grande Armée. From the French. London : Henry Renshaw, 356, Strand. 1861.

Larrey, the Director of the School of Medicine at Toulouse, and the author of several "Memoirs and Observations" addressed to the Royal Academy of Surgery; and he had as his contemporary Claude François Hilary Larrey, chief surgeon of the hospital of Nîmes, and author of a "Dissertation sur l'application du trépan," and several other medical works of sterling value and lasting importance.

The biography of Baron Larrey may be thus briefly told. He was born in 1766 at Baudéan, and commenced his medical studies under the inspection of his uncle Alexis at Toulouse. From Toulouse he proceeded to Paris, where he obtained, by what is now called a "competitive examination," the second surgeonship at the Invalides. In 1792 he was employed as an assistant-surgeon with the army of the Rhine, and there he distinguished himself by the construction and organization of what were called "ambulances volantes," by means of which the army surgeons were enabled to keep pace with the rapid movements of their respective regiments, to perform operations on the field of battle, and the moment an operation had been performed to have the wounded removed to a place of safety. In 1794 he was entrusted with the medical control over the army of the Eastern Pyrenees, and the year following was named Professor of the Hospital of Val-de-Grace. He was next summoned by Bonaparte to establish "ambulances" for the army of Italy; and upon the signing of the treaty of Campo-Formio, he was commissioned to inspect the various military hospitals then established in Italy. Larrey made use of the powers that had been confided to him to organize schools of surgery at Padua, Milan, and Udina. He next took part in the expedition to Egypt, where fresh proofs of his zeal, skill, and devotion to his profession were exhibited. Upon his return to France in 1802, he was named Chief-Surgeon of the Consular Guard, and in 1804 he was made an officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1805 he was appointed Inspector-General of the French Armies, and in that capacity was a participant in all the great wars of Napoleon I., and in all of them signalized himself by his talents, and won universal admiration by his humanity and care for the safety of the wounded military, whether they were his countrymen or enemies. In the disastrous retreat from Russia he exhibited in a remarkable manner his imperturbable courage, a courage which excited not less the applause of generals than the admiration of the soldiers, who regarded him, from his untiring tenderness towards them, with all the love and reverence which children usually accord to their parents. He was with Napoleon in his last battle of Waterloo, and was there taken prisoner. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, he was permitted to retain all the honours that had been conferred upon him by Napoleon. He was subsequently named Consulting Surgeon of the Royal Household, and made one of the first members of "the Academy of Medicine" upon its re-organization. In 1829 he succeeded Pelletau at the "Academy of Sciences," and he died at Paris on the 25th July, 1842. Besides numerous "Memoires" written by him for the academies of which he was a member, as well as those published in the "Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales," he was the author of the following works:—"Relation Historique et Chirurgicale de l'Armée d'Orient," "Mémoires de Chirurgie Militaire," "Considérations sur la Fièvre Jaune," and "Clinique Chirurgicale."

From this slight sketch of the life and labours of Baron Larrey, it may be easily surmised that any work, no matter how imperfectly executed, that is occupied with a detail of the events in which he participated, cannot fail to be interesting. And so it is with the "Memoir" before us, even though its medical information is scanty and unsatisfactory. Here, for example, is an exceedingly agreeable thing to read, with reference to the humanity of English surgeons. At the time that the army of France capitulated in Egypt, we are told by the French author:—

"One of the chief conditions of this treaty was, that the French should return to their country with all the honours of war. The number of sick and wounded which Larrey was enabled to embark for France amounted to 1,338. With eight exceptions the health of this number was subsequently re-established. Larrey left behind him on Egyptian soil those patients who were then too ill for removal, with a note of recommendation to the English medical officers. It may with truth be said, to the credit of these English surgeons, that though too ill for removal in the beginning of September, two months had scarce elapsed before the French soldiers were landed with health quite restored to their native soil."

In the following sentence we learn what too frequently is the fate of "the wounded in battle," despite the care and humanity of the best medical officers:—

"At Austerlitz, among the 30,000 men, Russians and Austrians, who were made prisoners, many were severely wounded. Foes and friends were crowded in hospitals near Brun, and such havoc did typhus make, in spite of the zealous surgeons, who were heedless of their own safety, that in a month nearly a quarter of the number thus crowded were dead."

It is out of such hideous masses of human sufferings that are constructed "the fame" of great generals, and "the renown" of illustrious conquerors. The evils of war would be rendered still more horrible if, happily for the race of mankind, coincident with the existence of such evils, there did not arise noble-hearted philanthropists and skilful medical men, like Sir James M'Grigor and Baron Larrey, who devote their talents and their lives to mitigate suffering, to relieve pain, and to preserve life. To such men, far more than to emperors or kings, should ever be willingly accorded the love of their contemporaries and the gratitude of posterity.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

Martha Brown, the Heiress. By the author of "Dorothy." London: Parker, Son, & Bourn, West Strand.—The story of "Martha Brown" is well written, and will be read with interest. The talents of the author are exhibited in attracting attention to, and enlisting sympathy for, a person whose conduct, when judged of by the standard of common sense and the rules of ordinary life, must be regarded as that of a foolish, unfeeling, ungenerous, and unprincipled man. Dr. Arnold, the hero of the work, is a young physician, devoted to his profession, and anxious for the welfare of the poor. His philanthropy, conjoined with

his blameless life, attract the attention of "the heiress." He falls in love with her; and, lest it should be supposed he was a fortune-hunter, he seeks to disgust her with himself by language and demeanour that are alike unbecoming and unjustifiable. The lady, however, is not to be weaned of her fancy; and the young doctor declares his devotion to the heiress, and is accepted, but he insists, first, that their engagement shall be kept secret, and, next, that their marriage shall be postponed for a twelvemonth. There is not the slightest pretext for making any such conditions; the lady is of full age, and perfectly her own mistress; and the absurd reason given by the hero is, that within twelve months he expects to make such a fortune, and to attain so high a position in his profession, as not to be an unbecoming match for a lady having several thousands a year! The proposition is absurd, and it is one which none but a dreamer would have the hardihood to make, and none but an idiot the patience to listen to; and yet the heroine is described as a clever, shrewd, strong-minded, and sagacious woman! Passing over this absurdity, we come to another, and something worse. The unnecessary secrecy is followed by embarrassment to both parties, and the gentleman-lover becomes annoyed because the lady, when once engaged to him, does not shut herself out from all society; and then, when a man that he knows to be an enemy comes to him, and tells him that the lady is proposed for by another suitor, and would be willing to accept him but for her secret engagement, the hero, without further inquiry, without seeking to have an interview with the lady to whom he has plighted his troth, at once writes a letter casting her off, and scandalously breaking his engagement. Outside of a novel, a man who would so act to a lady, considering their mutual relations to each other at the time, would be properly rewarded with a horse-whip, or ducking in a horse-pond. No gentleman would certainly ever again speak to him, and no lady look upon him. But then if "heroes" did not sometimes act as fools and villains, there would be wanting both mystery and plot in a story. How Dr. Arnold recovers himself, and by what means his past offences come to be forgiven, are fully explained in "Martha Brown." As a novel, this little book is amusing; but as a picture of real life, it is a failure. No one of decent, or even manly bearing, could act as Dr. Arnold did; and we hope there are few English women that would permit themselves to be so besotted by passion as to allow a person who had acted and spoken as rudely as Dr. Arnold is here described, ever to have the opportunity of seeking her hand in marriage. The "heiress" is very unfortunate. She has roguish trustees; her chosen lover is destitute of manliness and good manners; and the family of her lover, whilst receiving favours from her, are backbiting and slandering her. There is but one really amiable character in the book, and she is slightly neutralized by insipidity. And yet, with all these drawbacks, "Martha Brown" will probably become a favourite with the public.

Barrow's Travels in China Investigated. By William Jardine Proudfoot. London: George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet-street. The author of this work is convinced that the late Sir John Barrow did not tell the truth about his "travels in China," and this book is written for the purpose of inducing the public to come to the same conclusion at which the author has arrived. The full title-page to the present work will, we conceive, be regarded as a sufficient notification of its contents. It is as follows:—

"'Barrow's Travels in China.' An Investigation into the Origin and Authenticity of the 'Facts and Observations' related in a work entitled 'Travels in China.' By John Barrow, F.R.S. (afterwards Sir J. Barrow, Bart.), preceded by a Preliminary Inquiry into the nature of the 'powerful motive' of the same Author, and its influence on his duties at the Chinese capital, as Comptroller to the British Embassy, in 1793."

It is not our intention to enter into the controversy raised by the present publication; but we conceive it right to let it be known, that a work gravely impugning the accuracy of one who has held a high official and social position has been published, and that he who makes the accusation renders himself responsible for it, by placing his name before the public.

A Manual of British and Foreign Plants, with their Latin and English names, intended to facilitate the progress of the botanical student, and to serve various other useful purposes, as pointed out in the introduction. By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester; author of the "Manchester Flora," "Manchester Walks and Wild Flowers," "Life," "Figurative Language." London: William Pamplin, 45, Frith-street, Soho-square. Liverpool: Edward Howell, Church-street. Manchester: all Booksellers.—We give in full the title-page of this very useful volume. The author states in the introduction that his main object in preparing this work for publication was to enable persons knowing the English name of a plant readily to learn its Latin name, or, knowing its Latin name, to learn how it was designated in English. The volume contains the name of every flowering plant and fern indigenous to the British islands, as well as those cultivated in this country; and it includes the names of all plants yielding substances of importance for human food, the arts, and medicines, of botanical curiosities commonly found in museums, and the names of trees and flowers celebrated in literature, mythology, and Holy Writ. Such are the contents of a volume which will be of great use to all studying botany, or who, from a mere admiration of the beauty of flowers, are desirous of knowing something respecting them. Mr. Grindon's book will serve as an incentive to the most delightful of all studies—a knowledge of plants and flowers.

Letts' Diary for 1862. London: Letts, Son, & Co.—This diary forms a very handsomely bound volume, containing a variety of useful information on all matters that are of importance to men in business, or engaged in professions. The diary is so arranged as to be suitable for persons writing either in the English or French languages.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE enormous extent of the business carried on by a single firm of wholesale stationers and paper-makers in this metropolis would probably surprise most of our readers. Messrs. Spalding & Hodge, of Drury-lane, have gained an European reputation in consequence of the magnitude and importance of their transactions; and our own Government has just had a practical illustration of the scale upon which this eminent firm deals with its customers. The stock of paper held by Messrs. Spalding & Hodge at the date when the paper-duty was actually taken off, was 101,520 reams, weighing in the aggregate nearly three millions of pounds, the exact figures being 2,936,365 lbs. Upon this stock drawback was, of course, claimed and allowed, and the firm has, in consequence, received from the Government a cheque for £16,689. 12s. 8d., being the total amount of the allowance due to it! What did Mr. Gladstone think of this "little bill?"

Mr. Russell Smith has a new work in the press, by Mr. Orchard Halliwell, on "Rambles in Western Cornwall in the Footsteps of the Giants," with notes on the Celtic remains of the Land's-end district and the Scilly Islands. Mr. Smith is also preparing a work which promises great interest, "The Footsteps of Shakespeare; or, a Ramble with the Early Dramatists," which will contain some new information concerning Shakespeare, Llyly, Marlowe, Green, and other writers.

Messrs. Trübner announce a work, edited by Mr. William Sterling, M.P., "Memoirs de la Cour d'Espagne sous le Règne de Charles II., 1678-1682." The work is to be illustrated with a photographic portrait of Charles II., printed in quarto, by Whittingham.

In time for the opening of the new International Exhibition, Mr. Hardwicke will publish a "Handy Book of London," to be printed also in German and French.

A volume of Essays is being prepared by Messrs. Edmonstone & Douglas, called "At the Sea Side," by Shirley. Many of the essays which have appeared from time to time in *Fraser's Magazine*, will be found in this collection.

Mr. F. J. Furnival, the editor of the Philological Society's English Dictionary, has undertaken an English edition of Dr. C. Lottner's work, which comprises an etymological analysis of all English words; being a list of prefixes, roots, and suffixes in English, with all the words containing prefix, root, and suffix under them. The work will be published by Messrs. Trübner & Co.

The second part of Mrs. Delany's Autobiography, edited by Lady Llanover, is now ready, and will be published immediately. The second part is chiefly occupied with the Court of Queen Charlotte.

Mr. Bentley's annual sale at the Albion, at which all his forthcoming new publications are shown to the London booksellers, will take place on Monday, November 25th.

The Dean of Chichester's second volume of "The Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" will appear shortly.

Some months ago Mr. John Dickinson, the well-known papermaker, advertised extensively a work entitled "Maidenthorp; or, Interesting Events about the Year 1825," but on the eve of its publication he withdrew it. The work now appears on Mr. Bentley's list, but for Mr. Dickinson's name we find substituted "by Jeremiah Briefless, of the Outer Temple."

Mr. Bentley announces two new works in the press by Dr. Cumming; one, a volume of "Readings on the Prophet Isaiah;" and the other on "The Millennial Rest," including those geological and other speculations to which he has been treating the people of Manchester.

"East Lynne" has reached already a second edition.

Francatelli's "Cook's Guide" is one of the most successful books of the day, and what is more, well deserves its success.

The Autobiography of the great Lord Dandonald (Lord Cochrane) has now reached a third edition.

The Library and Reading-Rooms which form a portion of the new Museum at Oxford, and which are stocked with scientific books from the Radcliffe, are now opened for the public use, under similar rules and regulations observed in the reading-room of the British Museum.

The "Nil Durpan" controversy, which has been for so long agitating India, has been "illustrated" in *All the Year Round*, with an account of the play itself, which will be a welcome relief to the mystification of the public on the subject. The article is non-political, and treats merely of the work as a literary performance. This paper has attracted considerable attention, especially among those who are more particularly interested in Indian affairs. The author, we are told, is Mr. Sidney Laman Blanchard, a gentleman whose long Indian experience should make him an authority upon the subject. The article called "Cotton and India," published two or three weeks back, was by the same author. Mr. Blanchard was a contributor of old to *Household Words*, and we hear that his Indian and miscellaneous articles are about to be published in a connected form.

Messrs. Abbot, Barton, & Co. have just issued a complete and revised list of all the newspapers published in the United Kingdom, with the date of publication, and the politics which they profess. The catalogue is a long one, and it contains the particulars of the latest additions which have been made to the periodical press of the country.

Upon the completion of Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story," in *All the Year Round*, Mr. Wilkie Collins will commence a new tale, to be continued for some months. There is a rumour that on the completion of that work, Messrs. Smith and Elder have offered Mr. Collins £5,000 for a serial novel, to be published in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Mr. C. H. Cattrell has undertaken the translation of the late Baron Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History." This fifth volume concludes the work.

Mr. S. W. Fullom is engaged on a new work about Shakespeare, which promises to include some new facts and traditions. It is to be entitled, "A History of William Shakespeare, Player and Poet."

A correspondent of a morning paper writes: "I reside in the west of Hertfordshire, in the midst of the paper-making district. I am glad to be able to report favourably of the state of that branch of industry. Since the first of October we hear of large deliveries of paper, the mills are running full time, and employment is general. As the paper-makers in the neighbourhood were amongst the loudest in their forebodings of the disastrous consequences likely to flow from Mr. Gladstone's measures, I am sure that you will rejoice with me that the evil day is postponed."

Messrs. Griffin & Bohn have just issued a new edition, edited and annotated by Mr. Robert Bell, of Butler's "Hudibras."

We have to record the death of the distinguished French naturalist, M. Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire, son of the illustrious Stephen Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire. This celebrated naturalist and author published his first work at the age of 21; and at the age of 27 was elected a member of the Academy of Science, in the room of M. Latreille. As a zoologist he extended the ideas and experiments of his father; his especial aim being the multiplication of the number of the species of animals, useful to man for food or for labour. He founded the "Imperial Zoo-

logical Society of Acclimation." In connexion with this society he is well known in England, as having proposed, and endeavoured practically to carry out, the use of horse-flesh as an article of food. M. de Saint Hilaire's works on natural history are very numerous; among them may be mentioned, "Leçons de Tématologie," "Leçons de Mammalogie," "Leçons de Zoologie Générale," "Histoire Générale et Particulière des Anomalies de l'Organisation chez l'Homme et les Animaux," "Histoire Naturelle des Insects et des Mollusques," "Vie, Travaux, et Doctrines Scientifiques d'Etienne Geoffroy Saint Hilaire," and a "Report to the Minister of Agriculture on the Domestication and Naturalism of Useful Animals." Together with M. Brogniart and other savans, he edited the natural history for Dupetit Thouars's "Voyage round the World in the *Venus Frigate*." The early death of this distinguished man will be deplored by men of science in all countries.

Miss Kavanagh's new work, "French Women of Letters," is to be published in two volumes early in the ensuing week.

Mrs. Mary Howitt is employed in translating Miss Bremer's new book, "Travels in the Holy Land," which will be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

Mr. James Duffy announces the publication of a story, "Faversham on his way to Fame," from the pen of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in the pages of the *Illustrated Dublin Journal*.

The Taylor Scholarship, endowed, with several other prizes, by the late G. A. Taylor, Esq., of Dublin, for the encouragement of art in Ireland, has been awarded by the Royal Dublin Society, after competition, to Mr. Henry Crowley. The scholarship entitles the successful competitor to £20 or upwards, which may be held for a second and third year, provided the student shall produce in each year a work of sufficient merit. It is restricted by the terms of the endowment to competitors who display high artistic talent. Mr. Crowley is nephew of the late M. J. Crowley, Esq., R.H.A., a highly distinguished artist; and of the late P. L. Crowley, to whose chisel some of the most beautiful carvings in the new Houses of Parliament are due.

The two sales which will take place during the ensuing week, on Thursday, the 21st, and Friday, the 22nd of November, at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's rooms, have no especial character about them; but many valuable works will be found among the lots. The library of the late Robert Pitman, for sale on Thursday, contains a good selection of works in dramatic literature, by the best English authors, dramatic biographies, and Shakspeariana. The sale on Friday will be found to contain some good historical and antiquarian works, some fine books of prints, including Galerie de Florence et du Palais Pitti, and a series of the magnificent works of Piranesi, on Roman antiquities and architecture.

Voltaire's correspondence with the Duchess of Saxe Gotha has just been issued by Didier, in Paris, and contains, besides the letters which are here printed for the first time, many interesting and unpublished things.

Major Count Berlichingen-Rosebach has just published a "History of the Knight Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, and of his Family." This comprehensive work contains, for the first time, the complete documents, with the depositions of the witnesses and the sentence, of the legal proceedings against Götz, on account of his participation in the Peasants' War.

Mr. Buckle's great work on "Civilization" has been translated into German by Arnold Ruge, and published by C. F. Winter, of Leipzig.

A new, cheap, and complete edition of the works of Heine has been commenced at Hamburg, the first volume of which has appeared.

The recovery of the Journal of Adolphe Schlagentweit, who was murdered in 1856, before Kashgar, by a robber-chief, while out on a scientific journey with his brothers Hermann and Robert, will prove a valuable addition to the work now in preparation by the two surviving brothers. This journal, containing 135 pages of closely written matter, has been discovered by Lord William Hay, brother of the Earl of Gifford. According to the evidence of Sir Roderick Murchison, the contents of the journal refer to a region never visited in foreign times by any other scientific traveller.

Abd-el-Kader is said to have written a volume of poems in the French language.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM NOVEMBER 8TH TO NOVEMBER 14TH.

All about It. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Hamilton.
Archbold (J. F.). The Law and Practice of Arbitration and Award, with Forms. 12mo. cloth. 5s. W. H. Bond.
Basker (C.). Bible Geography of the Old and New Testament. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Houlston.
Bedford (G. S.). Principles and Practice of Obstetrics. 8vo. cloth. £1. 4s. Low & Sons.
Beecher (W. H.). Royal Truths. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Hamilton.
Brown (A. W.). Ministerial Recollections, with Preface by. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Wertheim.
Burton (Richard). The City of the Saints. 8vo. cloth. 18s. Longman.
Cameron (Mrs.). Emma and her Nurse. New edition. 18mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Houlston.
Cassell's Family Paper. Vol. VIII. New Series. 4to. cloth. 4s. 6d. Cassell.
Christmas with the Poets. Illustrated by B. Foster. Super royal, cloth. £1. 1s. Bell & Daldy.
Morocco. £1. 11s. 6d. Bell & Daldy.
Cooke (M. C.). A Manual of Structural Botany. 200 illustrations. Limp. 1s. Hardwicke.
Dorey (Mrs. E. C.). The Protestant's Armour. Second edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Longman.
Davenport (E.). Live Toys. Square, cloth. 2s. 6d. Griffith & Farran.
Downing (Henry). Short Notes on St. John's Gospel. 2s. 6d. J. H. & J. Parker.
Duncan (Paul). Little by Little; or, the Cruise of the Flyaway. 18mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. Low & Son.
Edgar (J. G.). Cavaliers and Roundheads. 12mo. cloth. 5s. Bell & Daldy.
Elwes (A.). Guy Rivers. Fcap. cloth. 5s. Griffith & Farran.
Elmer's Practice in Lunacy. 12mo. cloth. 7s. Stevens & Son.
Thornbury (W.). Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. £1. 1s. Hurst & Blackett.
Thomson (Mrs.). Celebrated Friendships. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth. £1. 1s. J. Hogg & Sons.
Thring (F.). Criminal Law of the Navy. 12mo. cloth. 8s. 6d. Stevens & Sons.
Vessels and Voyages. A Book for Boys. By Uncle George. 1s. 6d. Groombridge.

[Nov. 16, 1861.]

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 p.m. "On the Mode in which Light was introduced into Greek Temples." By James Fergusson, F.B.A.

TUESDAY.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8 p.m. 1. "Report of the Ethnological Papers read at the British Association Meeting at Manchester." By Dr. James Hunt, Hon. Sec. 2. "On the Connection between Ethnology and Physical Geography." By John Crawford, Esq., President.

CIVIL ENGINEERS, 25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 p.m. Continued discussion on Mr. Longridge's Paper on "The Hoogly and the Mutta."

STATISTICAL, 1, St. James's-square, at 8. 1. "On the Proceedings of Section F of the British Association at its recent Meeting at Manchester." By J. T. Hammack, Esq. 2. "On the Growth of the Human Body in Height and Weight in Males from seventeen to thirty Years of Age." By J. T. Dunsur, Esq.

WEDNESDAY.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 p.m. Opening Address by Sir Thomas Phillips, F.G.S., Chairman of the Council.

* On this evening the Medals which were awarded by the Council for Papers read at the Weekly Evening Meetings during the last Session, and for Articles submitted to the Society's Committees, will be distributed.

GEOLOGICAL—Burlington House, at 8 p.m.—1. "On the Deposits at Bovey Tracey, Devon," by J. H. Key, Esq.; communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S. 2. "On some Carboniferous Brachiopoda from the Punjab," by T. Davidson, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S. 3. "On some Volcanic Cones at the foot of Etna," by Signor G. G. Gemmellaro; communicated by Sir C. Lyell, F.G.S.

METEOROLOGICAL—Great George-street, Westminster, at 7 p.m., "On the Direction of the Wind, &c., since 1841," by Mr. Glaisher. "On the Rain-fall in Devonshire," by Mr. Eaton.

THURSDAY.

ROYAL—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. W. Pengelly, F.G.S., "On the Lignites and Clays of Bovey-Tracy, Devonshire. 2. Dr. Oswald Heer, "On the Fossil Flora of Bovey-Tracy.

CHEMICAL—Burlington House, at 8 p.m., "On Lencic Acid," by Dr. Thudichum. "On Crystallized Phosphate of Lime in Human Urine," by Dr. Bence Jones. "On the Camphor of Peppermint," by Dr. Oppenheim.

LINNEAN—Burlington House, at 8 p.m. "On the two forms, or Dimorphic Condition, in the species of *Primula*, and on their Remarkable Sexual Relations." By Charles Darwin, Esq., M.A., F.R., and L.S.

SATURDAY.

ASIATIC—5, New Burlington Street, at 3 p.m.

In course of preparation, and will be shortly published,

A HIGHLY INTERESTING SUPPLEMENT
TO
"THE LONDON REVIEW,"
Containing
LITHOGRAPHIC FACSIMILES,
PRINTED IN COLOURS,
To Illustrate the New and Remarkable
THEORY OF LIGHT & COLOUR.
By Mr. THOMAS ROSE, of Glasgow.

Although the Theory of the Compound Nature of Light has been generally accepted for two centuries, the question has, nevertheless, from time to time been raised as to whether Light be not homogenous, and Colour simply a modification?

The New Theory of Mr. Rose, according closely with the latter view, has been ably supported by his most ingenious.

NOVEL, AND DELICATE EXPERIMENTS,
A highly interesting account of which will be given in a

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE LONDON REVIEW,"
Illustrated by
CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH FACSIMILES
OF THE DELICATE
GRADATIONS OF THE COLOURED EFFECTS.

In these representations every means have been taken to secure the most accurate results by this most effective and costly process, in order that the readers of THE LONDON REVIEW may have the best means of studying Mr. Rose's very important observations, and the results of his valuable Experiments.

MEN OF MARK.

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NOTICE.

All Communications on Editorial business must, without exception, be addressed to THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON. On Monday and Friday, THE MARRIAGE OF GEORGETTE. After which (at Eight o'clock) ROBIN HOOD.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday (1st times) a New Operetta, the TOY MAKER. After which (at Eight o'clock), on Tuesday and Thursday, LURLINE; and on Wednesday and Saturday, RUY BLAS. Commence at Seven o'clock.

Stalls, 7s.; Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Box-office, open daily from Ten till Five. No charge for booking. Stage-Manager, Mr. LEIGH MURRAY. Acting-Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

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MEN OF MARK.—No. XXIII.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

We should be almost disposed to say that no public man in France has been so misjudged as Count de Montalembert, were not absolutely exclusive expressions in our opinion always to be avoided in regard to political men. In a country convulsed and distracted as is France, most men who have taken a leading part in public affairs have been lamentably misjudged; some overestimated, some under-valued, but almost all too blindly confided in at one particular period, credited by the public with capacity and strength of character they did not possess, and then too harshly flung aside when their real incapacity came to be recognized. This was the case, for instance, with M. Guizot, who was, by circumstances, placed in positions for which he was thoroughly unfit. M. Guizot was essentially a literary-minded man—a man whose business it is to descant in judicious, though somewhat dogmatic language, upon the actions of other men. M. Guizot was not a man of action, consequently not a statesman. He was a great professor of history who was most unfortunately carried, by the rush of events, to the highest post in the State, and found responsibilities cast upon him for which nothing in his birth, education, habits, talents, or character, fitted him. M. Guizot was misjudged both before and after his ministerial failures; over-estimated, whilst untried, by people who thought that "governing qualities" are synonymous with what is commonly termed "cleverness" in a literary sense, and unduly depreciated when the public found out what was, after all, its own mistake and not his. M. Guizot was a very erroneously judged man. But M. de Montalembert is still more so, because the rules by which public men are judged in France will not apply to him. Those who overrate, and those who underrate him, are certain to be equally wrong, for they have not got the key to him, Enlighten the men who supposed M. Guizot was a statesman; show them what a statesman really is, and they will comprehend M. Guizot and his insufficiency; but to understand Montalembert, they must begin by ceasing to be Frenchmen.

Montalembert is a man formed for public life, who is nevertheless fated to live in a country where public life is extinct. He loves liberty, for himself and for others, admits his enemy's right to it (which no genuine Frenchman does or can believe in), loves the bustle and hurry and hard work of everyday public life, does not mind hard knocks, gives plenty of them, and takes them in return with good humour, stands up inflexibly for "fair play," and is capable—splendid orator as he incontestably is—of debating for weeks question after question, without being possessed by the rage for "making a speech" and inflicting it on his hearers, whether they want it or not. Montalembert is not a statesman any more than M. Guizot, or M. Thiers, or any other of the celebrated politicians of the July monarchy; but he is not a pedagogue, not a professor; he is a living, breathing, thoroughly human creature, full of impulse and courage, and passionately political. And this word expresses the quality which severs him from his countrymen, as much as does his resolute love of fair play. It is not French to love politics passionately. Frenchmen make a function, or a "dignity," of politics; they make politics subserve something else; they choose politics as a "career," as a means to attain some end; or they debase politics into helping fortune, but they do not revel in political life for its own sake, do not devote themselves to it, and feel that, in the glorious task of helping to work out great aims, there lies a charm that compensates to certain natures for the absence of every personal gain, or of even every personal affection. Montalembert is of these, and therefore essentially un-French. He cares for politics, but not with any selfish motives, nor with a view of serving some private interest; in fact, he would never serve it, if he wished, for he is incessantly committing some enormous error in judgment, imperilling his own or his friend's safety; but he has been in the thick of the fray, has said what he was determined to say, and has drunk deep of the strong, healthy draught of public life, and that is what he cares for. Such another does not live among the sons of Gaul as this freedom-loving, wrong-headed, generous-hearted, hard-working, Catholic descendant of Southern Crusaders and Scotch chieftains. He does not care for office (as all other Frenchmen do), he would not be a Minister for worlds; he is not, we have said, a statesman, and would not know how to win power—genuine political power—or how to wield it, but he is never easy out of the joy of the turmoil and the strife. He does not want to secure something by being in Parliament, but he wants that there should always be a free Parliament, and that he should be always in it.

Montalembert loves public life as great sailors love the sea—instinctively, and from boyhood upwards. He was but a mere boy when he first threw himself into the arena of politics, and his whole later life has been but the carrying out, as it were, under various forms, of its first overt act. He was not much more than twenty when the July Revolution took place, and France was told that there was no freedom which she was not to enjoy fully. Above all, she was to count upon freedom of education; that is, every father was to have the right of bringing up his sons as he chose. If he were a Catholic, or a Protestant, a Greek Christian, or a Jew, it was to be possible for him to teach his children his own religious tenets, to instil into

them the principles he himself respected, and, in short, to fashion them morally and intellectually as he believed to be for their good, without seeing them condemned to pass their days in idleness, and find every public profession closed to them. This was one of the first most solemn promises of the July Government, and certainly one of those most requisite. In France up to 1849, it was not feasible for a father to educate his son as he thought it right to do, unless he beforehand renounced for him every public career; for in France the all-centralizing "State" held to fashioning the tools whereby its work was to be done. If a young man intended to pursue a career in any public office whatsoever, he was forced to produce certain "diplomas;" to have been educated, that is, by the Government. Now, in order to flatter the then popular feeling of impiety, the "State" had declared itself thoroughly without religion, and the famous dictum of "L'Etat est Athée," expressed the true condition of France, as far as the official establishments for instruction were concerned. But this was, in a manner, Liberty spelt backwards; for the large majority of "respectable" French people were, even at the period we allude to, believers in Christianity, and in the Roman Catholic form of it, and they found it an intolerable hardship to be compelled to send their sons to schools where religion was, in fact, treated as an obsolete prejudice, and where boys were brought up to be without morality, without manners, and without belief. Consequently, the promise we have mentioned was received with raptures—but it was not fulfilled.

Charles de Montalembert was, however, determined to see how far the Government would venture to play false to the nation, and he coolly set up a school. Joined with him was the Abbé Lacordaire, a very youthful priest, suspected of entertaining the most advanced democratic opinions. These two opened their school, and began to teach the children who attended it, but were, at the end of a few days, seized by the police, and turned out of their establishment. They were tried by the ordinary tribunals, and (of course) condemned. They appealed from the sentence, and pending the appeal Montalembert's father died, leaving his son a peer of France, the hereditary peerage not being yet abolished.

There he was, the young wrestler, whose one chief happiness is a conflict. There he was but just of age, invested with a political dignity, and having the weight of a political responsibility already cast upon him. The trial had been a purely judicial one at first; but the appeal from it carried the leading culprit into another court. The whole affair was now political, and the boy-Peer was to be arraigned before his co-legislators, and to stand at the bar of the *Chambre des Pairs*, constituted into a high court of justice! This was a rare entrance into public life! an incomparable opportunity! and how Montalembert liked it: he enjoyed the single-handed "set to" against the whole formidable array of hostile old Peers, with

"That stern joy which warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steel."

There are few speeches finer in the world's oratorical archives, than the tremendous attack made by young Montalembert on this occasion upon the members of his order. It is, of course, full of defects, or it would be less fine, because less true; but they are *its own* defects, its proper, inevitable defects. It is unjust, imprudent, cruel, fiercely young; but it is sincere, true, earnest, uncalculating, and full of the passion of a man who feels that the public has been given him to speak to, and that the larger the audience the better. Probably no *similar début* was ever made under similar circumstances; it stands alone in the annals of foreign Parliamentary oratory, and this speech reveals the man.

When Montalembert's address to "his Peers" was ended, there of course confronted him a chamber full of foes, and not one supporter; still, the effect of what he had said had been so great, and the Government was so evidently in a false position, that all aggravation of the sentence was avoided, and the general feeling was, that the less said of the whole incident the better.

For four years the youth whose wondrous eloquence had so startled his colleagues retired into silence, for he had no right to sit till his twenty-fifth year was completed. Then he came amongst them, took his seat, and spoke again, often with much effect, not soon with the effect he had produced in 1831, perhaps never until his very last speech in that same chamber, when, sixteen years after, he warned his agitated listeners that revolution was at their very threshold. This was the celebrated speech on Swiss affairs which so thoroughly carried away the entire audience, that friends and enemies rose and unanimously required that an immediate order should be issued to print the harangue they had just heard. There again came out the Montalembert of the trial of 1831, and, later, as he was again destined to show himself, in the famous pamphlet on England, which goaded Louis Napoleon into the most ill-advised of his press persecutions. Still, with all his genius, many were the faults and blunders into which, during the sixteen years we have mentioned, Montalembert's best qualities, even more than his defects, were perpetually driving him. And since then, with the portals of public life closed before him, and the voice that so loves to stir the echo of human hearts condemned to be mute, he has contrived to give as many proofs of his want of statesmanlike perceptions as of his remarkable and always impressive political eloquence. Montalembert is possessed of a sin-

gular, of an almost irresistible charm, when, either in speaking or in writing, he undertakes the advocacy of any political subject. This charm is his own passionate belief, his glowing and genuine enthusiasm. His subject seizes and absorbs him, bears it along with it, and leaves no one faculty of mind or heart at liberty. He really and truly loves politics with all his heart. So did Pitt; but other points in Pitt's nature made the political passion assume the science of power as its outward shape, whilst in Montalembert the same passion for politics seeks its visible form solely in splendour of expression. Montalembert has no "governing qualities," no "science of power," but he is, perhaps, more gifted with eloquence than any other man in Europe.

There is one tribute, however, that all must pay to Montalembert; with all the errors of judgment into which he has fallen, with all the mistakes which he has made, he has never betrayed the cause of liberty, and never come to a compromise with despotism. He has had, from first to last, but one creed;—the union of freedom and the Church. All other opinions seem to him subordinate to this one, and as he commenced life in doing battle for this belief, so he will probably go to its end ready to incur every sacrifice in its cause. He is a sincere and ardent Catholic, but he so perfectly trusts his form of faith, that he is convinced perfect freedom is the surest way to win the whole world to it. He would think any restraint or subjection an offence towards his Church, for he esteems that the truth and beauty of the Church must suffice, and for the rest he is patient. It is not easy for us in England, with our renunciation of this principle of infallibility, to realise the power that this theory has on those who sincerely hold it; and therefore it is not easy for us to understand Montalembert and the one chief object of his whole life. To him, the more freedom given to any community, the better the chances for his religion; consequently, freedom is served by him with a true and genuine devotion. This, of course, is an idea only compatible with such undoubting faith as his; diminish Montalembert's trust in his creed by one hair's breadth and he will naturally become fearful of allowing free examination of that creed; his desire for liberty rests upon his unlimited respect for his religion, upon his unlimited faith in the Catholic Church. And so in merely secular politics: he is fearless as a Briton; nay, almost "go-ahead" as a Yankee. Whilst he sat in Louis Philippe's Chamber of Peers, he was for ever turning round on those "grave and reverend signors," and saying, laughingly, to them, with a sort of haughty school-boy tone: "Well, what is it you're afraid of now?" They were at every moment afraid of something, and passed their lives in crying out that the "wolf" was coming, until he really did come, and then their sight had grown dim, and they could not see him. When the fate they had feared was upon them, they uttered no word, but crouched in silence, and were devoured. Then, Montalembert, who had ridiculed their alarms whilst they were groundless, but who had at once warned when danger began to threaten (and had been equally disregarded both times), instead of hiding and trembling, put himself forward, and soon stood in the front of the small band of brave spirits who headed the reaction against the silly and vulgar revolutionary excesses of 1848. Had Montalembert been as statesmanlike as he is courageous and eloquent, he would (for he could) have governed France, and have prevented her from drifting into Bonapartism.

France was still French in 1848 and 1849, still Liberal, and still of the present time, and had any one taken resolutely the lead, she could not have been forced into Despotism, or into the absurd and criminal imitation of the past. But Montalembert was, in 1849, as he was in 1831, absorbed by his one idea—the union of Liberty and the Church, and like all men with "one idea," it was out of his power to be political, or to behave like a statesman. The chance went by for many others in France as well as for him, and a régime was established which left to all honest men, to all gentlemen in France, but one of two resources—protestation or despair. Cavaignac's heart broke, Tocqueville sank. These, and many more than are chronicled, despaired and died; Montalembert, with the more energetic, protested, protests still, and will go on protesting till he too dies, or till things change. No caresses and no threats—nothing will wean him from his defiance. He will take up subject after subject, right or wrong (that is not his business), and find in each the means of attacking his country's foes. All the intensity of his boyish ardour will come back to him, and he will lash Bonapartism, root and branch, as he lashed the "cowardly" peers when they sat in judgment on him. All his youth revives through his anger, and indignation is to him the source of the noblest inspiration. It will be evident to our readers from all we have said, that Montalembert makes a very indifferent sort of Frenchman. So fearless and so fair-dealing, so full of faith and so liberal, so "illogical" and so passionately political, where and how is Montalembert to be classed among his countrymen? He stands alone, apart, a great and marked "individuality,"—(another anomaly in France, where the individual, absorbed by "society," is thoroughly extinct). Certain traits in Montalembert's character and career must, however, never be forgotten. In the most corrupt of all countries and all epochs, he is ignorant of the meaning of the word "self-interest;" and in the midst of a civilization in which all enthusiasm has died out, he is ready to make any sacrifice to his political passion. We in England, too, must remember that, however at other times he may reproach and abuse us, the one work in which England is best appreciated, and the deepest love and reverence for her shown, is Montalembert's. To him we owe the first real revelation to the continental public of what Englishmen really are.

THE PEERAGE OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES.

(Continued from p. 598.)

CHAPTER VI.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1783, William Pitt, coalescing with Lord Gower, Lord Thurlow, and other Tories, took office as First Lord of the Treasury, and finding himself out-voted by Fox, North, Burke, and Sheridan, dissolved the Parliament, and appealed to the country. Supported by the King's personal influence, and re-inforced by the Duke of Portland with his friends, and by the results of a general election, he now entered upon a long lease of political power, during which, it must be owned, he scattered coronets plentifully.

His first elevation was that of his cousin, Thomas Pitt, a Cornish gentleman, whom he created Lord Camelford (1)—a title which came to end in 1804, by the death of the second lord in a duel. Next, the Duke of Northumberland (see Chapter V., No. 37) was created Lord Lovaine (2), with remainder to his younger sons,—a title subsequently merged in the earldom of Beverley. Lord Weymouth's brother, the Hon. Henry F. Carteret, was created Lord Carteret (3), with remainder to the same lord's younger sons. This title passed to several members of the family, and has become extinct within the last few years. Mr. Edward Eliot, a Cornish M.P. of considerable standing and influence, was at the same time created Lord Eliot (4)—now the second title of the Earl of St. German's.

When Parliament met in May, 1784, Pitt found himself no longer Premier by sufferance, but the head of a strong and even overwhelming party in the House of Commons. A "batch" of ten creations in the House of Lords tended considerably to augment his influence in that assembly. George, Lord Abergavenny, whose name at that time stood nearly first on the roll of barons, was created Earl of Abergavenny (5). The eldest son of Viscount Townshend was created Earl of Leicester (6)—a title which had recently become extinct in the Coke family, to whose maternal descendant, the late Mr. Coke, of Holkham, it was subsequently restored by her present Majesty, as we shall see hereafter. The Lord Paget was created Earl of Uxbridge (7). Sir James Lowther, Bart., one of the richest commoners in the North of England, and the owner of some dozen rotten boroughs, was created Earl of Lonsdale (8) *per saltum*, a title which became extinct within about twenty years, though since revived.

The Irish Viscount Bulkeley was created Lord Bulkeley (9); Sir Thomas Egerton, a Cheshire Baronet connected with the powerful house of Grosvenor, was created Lord Grey de Wilton (10). Sir Charles Cocks, Bart., a connection by marriage of the Somers family (see Chapter I., No. 42), was created Lord Somers (11). Mr. John Parker, a wealthy Devonshire squire and M.P., was made Lord Boringdon (12), a title since merged in the earldom of Morley; Mr. Noel-Hill, who had represented Shropshire in three Parliaments, was created Lord Berwick (13); and Mr. James Dutton (formerly Naper), who was married to a lady of the Coke family, was created Lord Sherborne (14). Two months later the *Gazette* had to record the elevation of another batch of five. Lord Talbot (grandson of the Chancellor, see Chapter IV., No. 16), was raised to the earldom of Talbot (15); Lord Grosvenor (see Chapter V., No. 7), to the earldom of Grosvenor (16); and Lord Beaulieu to the earldom of Beaulieu (17); while the Scotch Duke of Gordon was created Earl of Norwich (18); and Sir John Griffin, K.B., was confirmed, on petition and appeal, in the barony of Howard de Walden (19), by descent and summons. In the following November, the King's second son, Prince Frederick, who had recently come of age, was created Duke of York and Albany (20), according to royal precedent; in December, Earl Temple, the owner of princely Stowe, and Pitt's near relative and supporter, was raised to the Marquisate of Buckingham (21), and the Earl of Shelburne, the late Premier, was created Marquis of Lansdowne (22), a title now enjoyed by his younger son, the present veteran statesman and Nestor of the Whig councils.

The year 1785 was not signalized by a single creation or elevation in the Peerage.

In 1786 Pitt resumed his bestowal of coronets on the former scale of profusion. Earl Gower (see Chapter IV., No. 42) was now created Marquis of Stafford (23), (a title which has proved the stepping-stone to the Dukedom of Sutherland); and Lord Camden, who had been in succession Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor, and was now Lord President of the Council, was created Earl Camden (24). The Scottish Duke of Athole, the Earl of Abercorn, and the Dukes of Queensberry and Montagu, now received patents of creation as English Peers; the first as Earl Strange (25), the second as Viscount Hamilton (26), the third as Lord Douglas of Amesbury (27), and the fourth as Lord Montagu (28); this last title was granted with remainder to his maternal grandson, Lord H. J. Montagu Scott, second son of the Duke of Buccleuch; it became extinct so recently as 1845.

Within a week or two afterwards three Irish peers obtained seats in the British House of Lords; the Earl of Tyrone (afterwards Marquis of Waterford in Ireland) as Lord Tyrone (29), the Earl of Shannon (who had held some high political offices) as Lord Carleton (30), and Lord Delaval as Lord Delaval (31) a title which expired at the death of the grantee in 1808. In this year we first find in the roll of peers the name of Mr. Charles Jenkinson, who had been successively Secretary of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, now created Lord Hawkesbury (32). We shall hear of him again as Earl of Liverpool. Sir Harbord Harbord, a Norfolk baronet, many years M.P. for Norwich, was now created Lord Suffield (33); and Sir Guy Carleton, K.B., an eminent soldier, was raised to the peerage as Lord Dorchester (34), in reward of his services during the American War of Independence.

In 1787 Sir George Augustus Elliot, K.B. (a scion of the noble Scottish house of Elliot of Stobs, co. Roxburgh), was rewarded for his memorable defence of Gibraltar with the Barony of Heathfield (35), which became extinct on the death of his son and successor in 1813; and a few weeks later we find Viscount

* This brought much sense given by Douglas, at Paris, infant, Archibald returned Hamilton from the confirmed Duke, and some very during the decision.

Townshend (who was afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland) raised to the marquisate of Townshend (36).

In 1788 the gallant admiral, Viscount Howe, was created Earl Howe (37) for his naval services, with the barony of Howe (38) bestowed in remainder to his heirs female. Sir Lloyd Kenyon, who having been originally a solicitor, had risen, mainly in consequence of his powerful defence of Lord George Gordon, to become in succession Attorney-General, Chief Justice of Chester, and Master of the Rolls, was now created Lord Kenyon (39), upon succeeding the Earl of Mansfield as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. In the following September, Sir Joseph Yorke, K.B., a younger son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, a general officer, who had been A.D.C. to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, and afterwards Ambassador at the Hague, was created Lord Dover (40), a title which became extinct at his death in 1792. At the same time Sir James Harris, K.B., a diplomatist of some note, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Malmesbury (41); and Lord Amherst obtained a fresh grant of the barony of Amherst (42) with a special remainder.

In 1789 Prince William Henry (afterwards King William IV.) was created Duke of Clarence (42), and took his seat as a peer of the realm. Viscount Mount Edgecumbe and Lord Fortescue were raised to the earldoms respectively of Mount Edgecumbe (43) and Fortescue (44), and the Right Hon. Thomas Townshend, having been twice Home Secretary, and had been made Baron Sydney in 1783, was advanced to the Viscountcy of Sydney (45). The Earl of Salisbury and Viscount Weymouth were respectively created Marquis of Salisbury (46) and Marquis of Bath (47).

In the following year, 1790, the Scottish Earl of Abercorn (see above, No. 26) was raised to the marquisate of Abercorn (48), now enjoyed by his grandson; Lord Digby was raised to the earldom of Digby (49), which became extinct in 1856; and Lord Lovaine (see above, No. 2) was raised to the earldom of Beverley (50). The Irish Earls of Donegal and Fife, Viscount Grimston, and Lord Mulgrave, received English peerages respectively as Lord Fisherwick (51), Lord Fife (52), Lord Verulam (53), and Lord Mulgrave (54). At the same time, Mr. Archibald Douglas, who had succeeded, by the decision of the House of Lords,* to the estates of his maternal uncle, the Duke of Douglas (a title extinct in 1761), was now created Lord Douglas of Douglas (55); and Mr. Edwin Lascelles, a Yorkshire gentleman of large landed property and influence, was created Lord Harewood (56), a title which shortly afterwards became extinct at his death, though revived subsequently, as we shall see. Before the close of the year, the Irish Viscount Gage obtained the barony of Gage (57); and Mr. W. W. Grenville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a member of the noble house of Buckingham, and a connection of the Premier, was raised to the peerage as Lord Grenville (58), a title which he lived to adorn for many years after his short lease of the Premiership in 1806-7, as head of "All the Talents."

In 1791 the Scotch Earl of Morton, who had sat in the previous Parliament as a representative peer, and now held the post of Chamberlain of the Royal Household, was made an English Peer, as Lord Douglas, of Lochleven (59), and this appears to be the only creation by which the year was marked.

In 1792 Lord Milton was created Earl of Dorchester (60)—a rather curious title to select, one would imagine, considering that only a few years before the title of Dorchester had been bestowed on Sir Guy Carleton (see above, No. 34). The Earl Cornwallis (see Chapter IV., No. 64), was raised to the marquisate of Cornwallis (61), for his military services in India; and the Earl of Mansfield obtained a new patent of his earldom (62), with remainder to his nephew, Viscount Stormont, the father of the present earl.

In 1793 the Earl of Hertford was advanced to the marquisate of Hertford (63); Lord Colchester to the earldom of Carnarvon (64); while Mr. William Eden, who already was Lord Auckland in the Irish Peerage, was rewarded for his faithful services, as one of Pitt's officials, by the English barony of Auckland (65), which still survives in the person of the present Bishop of Bath and Wells.

In 1794 we come across another "batch" of peerage creations. They are as follows:—The Irish Earl of Upper Ossory, who had sat for many years as M.P. for Bedfordshire, was created Lord Upper Ossory (66); and the Irish Lords Clive, Mulgrave, and Lyttelton, were created Lords Clive (67), Mulgrave (68), and Lyttelton (69), respectively, in the English peerage; Mr. Welbore Ellis, too, who had held some high civil posts in Ireland, was created Lord Mendip (69); Sir Henry Bridgman, who had married a daughter of the Earl of Bradford, of an earlier creation, now extinct, was created Lord Bradford (70); Sir James Peachey, Master of the Robes, was created Lord Selsey (71); Mr. Thomas Dundas was made Lord Dundas (72); Mr. Assheton Curzon was created Lord Curzon (73), a title since merged in the earldom of Howe; and Mr. Charles Anderson Pelham, a Lincolnshire gentleman of large property and influence, became Lord Yarborough (74). The year 1795 passed by without a single addition being made to the roll of the peerage, nor was any member of it advanced to a higher grade.

In February, 1796, the Earl of Bute, ambassador at Madrid, son and successor of the former Premier of that name, was raised to the marquisate of Bute (75). Lord Hawkesbury (see No. 32), in reward of his ministerial services, was now created Earl of Liverpool (76)—a title which he transmitted to his son, the celebrated Premier of the Regency and the reign of George IV., but which became extinct

* This suit, known as the "great Douglas case," one of the most extraordinary causes ever brought before a judicial tribunal, and, owing to some circumstances, it created nearly as much sensation in France as in England. The following summary of the question at issue is given by Sir Bernard Burke. Sir John Stewart asserted that he had twin sons by the Lady Jane Douglas, born at the house of a Madame le Brun, 10th July, 1748, in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris, her ladyship being then in her 51st year. One of these children, Sholto, died an infant, and against the other Archibald Stewart's inheriting the estates of his maternal uncle, Archibald, Duke of Douglas, on that nobleman's decease, 21st July, 1761, to whom he was returned heir of line and provision, the guardians of James-George (the minor), Duke of Hamilton, instituted a suit-at-law, and the Scottish Courts determined in favour of his Grace; from the decision an appeal was made to the House of Lords, which eventually reversed it, and confirmed Sir Archibald in the possession of the Douglas estates. One of the guardians of the Duke, and institutors of the suit, Sir Andrew Stewart, subsequently published, in January, 1773, some very strong letters, addressed to Lord Mansfield, arraigning the conduct of his lordship during the progress of this celebrated litigation, and maintaining the rectitude of the Scottish decision.

on his successor's death in 1851. At the same time the Scottish Earls of Moray and Galloway, and the Irish Earls of Courtown and Macartney, were created Lords Stuart (77), Stewart of Garlies (78), Saltersford (79), and Macartney (80), respectively. The latter title, at all events, was not bestowed without being fully earned. Viscounts Downe and Midleton, Irish peers, were also created Lord Dawnay (81), and Lord Brodrick (82); and Sir Alexander Hood, a gallant admiral, who had been second in command under Lord Howe in his splendid victory of the 1st of June, was created Lord Bridport (83). Sir John Rous, many years M.P. for Suffolk, was created Lord Rous (84)—a title now merged in the superior honours of the earldom of Stradbroke. Sir Henry Gough-Calthorpe, Bart., who had been for nearly twenty years M.P. for Bramber, was created Lord Calthorpe (85); Sir Peter Burrell, Bart.—a gentleman of mercantile origin, who had married the Baroness Willoughby d'Eresby (in her own right)—was raised to the Peerage, as Lord Gwydyr (86), in order that he might act as Deputy Great Chamberlain of England, in the place of his wife, and as Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales.* Sir Francis Basset, a Cornish baronet and M.P. of great wealth and influence, was now created Lord De Dunstanville (87)—a title which only became extinct in 1835. Mr. Edward Lascelles, M.P., having succeeded to the estate of his relative, the late Lord Harewood (see No. 56), whose title had recently become extinct, obtained a fresh peerage as Lord Harewood (88). Colonel Rolle, who had been many years M.P. for Devon, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Rolle (89)—a title which had been conferred on his uncle in 1747, but became extinct three years later,—but his barony became extinct at his death in 1842; Mr. John Campbell (a scion of the ducal house of Argyle), who had been for some years M.P. for Cardigan, was created Lord Cawdor (90); and Mr. Charles Pierrepont, who had inherited a large portion of the estates of the Duke of Kingston, was created Viscount Newark (91), now merged in the earldom of Mansfield.

In 1797, the gallant admirals, Sir John Jervis and Adam Duncan, were raised to the peerage respectively as Earl St. Vincent (92) and Viscount Duncan (93), in reward of their splendid naval achievements, the victory over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and that over the Dutch off Camperdown. The Irish Earl of Mornington, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, was now created Lord Wellesley (94) on proceeding to India as Governor-General; and the first step was made in the advancement of the moneyed and commercial interests to the dignity of the English peerage by the bestowal of the coronet of Carrington (95) (most reluctantly on the part of King George, if we are to believe Sir Nathaniel Wraxall) upon Mr. Robert Smith, a wealthy banker, who had already attained to an Irish barony at a time when Irish peerages were to be had rather cheap.† At the same time, Mr. Charles Townshend, a grandson of the second Viscount of that name, was created Lord Bayning (96); one of the powerful house of Grenville, Marquis of Buckingham, was created Lord Glastonbury (97); Mr. T. Orde, who had married the natural daughter and heir of the last Duke of Bolton, was created Lord Bolton (98). Sir Gilbert Elliot, late Envoy Extraordinary at Vienna, and subsequently Viceroy of Corsica, was raised for his public services to the barony of Minto (99); Colonel John Wodehouse, many years M.P. for Norfolk, was created Lord Wodehouse (100); Sir John Rushout, Bart., whose father had been Treasurer of the Navy, was raised to the peerage as Lord Northwick (101); Mr. Thomas Powys, many years M.P. for Northamptonshire, as Lord Lilford (102); Mr. Thomas Lister, of Yorkshire, as Lord Ribblesdale (103); Mr. James Drummond, of Perthshire, a member of the family of the Scottish Earl of Perth—(a title then under attainder for the part taken by a former Earl in the Scottish Rebellion, but recently restored)—having conformed to the established religion, obtained the barony of Perth (104), which became extinct on his death in 1800, when his only child and heir carried his fortune by marriage to Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, son of the fortunate Mr. Burrell, of whom we have spoken above (see No. 86). At the same time another Scottish gentleman, General F. H. Mackenzie, having distinguished himself in the army, and having succeeded to a property in Rossshire, was created Lord Seaforth (105), a title which became extinct at his decease in 1814. Lord De Dunstanville also (see above, No. 87) obtained the grant of a fresh peerage as Lord Basset (106), with remainder to his daughter. This latter title became extinct in 1855.

There is only one creation which marks the year 1798, but that is one round which a brighter halo is shed than any other during the latter half of the last century; Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., having been created, on the 6th of October in that year, Lord Nelson of the Nile (107), in reward of his splendid victory over the French and their allies in Egypt.

In 1799, their Royal Highnesses the Princes Edward and Ernest, fourth and fifth sons of the King, were created Dukes of Kent (108) and Cumberland (109) respectively. The former, as our readers are aware, was the father of our Most Gracious Sovereign; and the latter afterwards succeeded to the throne of Hanover, where his son is now King. In the same year Sir John Scott, the late Attorney-General, was raised to the peerage as Lord Eldon (110), on being made Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and the Earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, obtained the English barony of Fitz-Gibbon (111).

In 1800, Lord Malmesbury was advanced from the barony to the earldom (112), in reward of his diplomatic services; and the gallant Admiral Sir Alexander Hood, K.B., who had already been made an Irish peer, was raised to the Viscountcy of Bridport (113).

In January, 1801, we find four Irish noblemen, the Marquises of Ely and Drogheda, the Earl of Ormonde, and the Earl of Carysfort, created English peers by the respective titles of Lord Loftus (114), Lord Moore (115), Lord Butler (116), and Lord Carysfort (117); the Earl of Exeter, also, was promoted to the Mar-

* If any one wishes to read of a strange and unprecedented run of luck, he should refer to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's "Memoirs of his own Time," for an account of Sir P. Burrell's rise and progress to the honours of the Peerage. It will repay a perusal.

† Sir N. W. Wraxall relates the story of a gentleman who requested of the Premier leave to have a private gate opening from his residence into St. James's Park. "I am sorry, sir," was the reply, "that I cannot oblige you in that matter, but I can offer you an Irish peerage, if you will accept it, instead."

quisate of Exeter (118). To these, if we add two eldest sons of peers summoned to the House of Lords in their father's lifetime in their baronies, viz., Lord Gower (119), son of the Marquis of Stafford, and Lord Hobart (120), son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, we have a total of 120 English peerages conferred by Mr. Pitt, during his administration between 1784 and 1801, and which swamped the opposition of Fox and his party. Mr. G. W. Cooke, in his "History of Party" (vol. iii., p. 463), thus alludes to this fact:—"The possessors of Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of Collins' Peerage have a striking example of the rapidity of Mr. Pitt's creations. The eighth volume of the work consists of an account of sixty-one barons created by this Minister within sixteen years, and whose titles were all in being when the work was published, to say nothing of others that had become extinct."

It appears, from what we have written, that Mr. Pitt's peerages were bestowed pretty nearly as follows:—On royalty, 4; on the army, 5, viz., the titles of Dorchester, Heathfield, Amherst, Cornwallis, and Seaforth; on the navy, 6, viz., Nelson, Hood, Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Bridport; on commercial opulence, 1, viz., Carrington; on the law, 4, viz., Kenyon, Mansfield, Eldon, and Fitz Gibbon; on ministerial and diplomatic services, 13, viz., Lansdowne, Staffor, Hawkesbury, Dover, Malmesbury, Sydney, Grenville, Auckland, Bute, Liverpool, Macartney, Wellesley, and Minto. Total, 33. If to these we add one title called out of abeyance (viz., Howard de Walden), there still remain 84 coronets bestowed in exactly seventeen years on supporters of the existing ministry, either in the House of Commons or in their several neighbourhoods.

(To be continued.)

HAS THE MOON AN ATMOSPHERE?

THE question of the Astronomer Royal propounded in his admirable lecture on the eclipse, "Is there, then, an atmosphere all the way to the moon?" will, doubtless, give rise to numerous speculations. If it be true that an atmosphere enveloping the earth extends to the distance of a quarter of a million of miles from its centre, it should, we apprehend, be no less true that a similar atmosphere envelops the moon, and if the higher regions of the earth's atmosphere consist of extremely attenuated and rarified air, then the lower strata of the moon's atmosphere should consist of denser air, capable, especially if mixed with aqueous vapour, of producing atmospheric effects, the formation of mists, the weathering of rocks, the breaking down of mountains, the feeding of volcanic fires, and other operations much more familiar to the geologist than the astronomer.

Hitherto, with but few exceptions, astronomers have ignored the existence of a lunar atmosphere. No air, no water, no vapours, nothing that can indicate the formation of cloud, the wearing of the rocky surfaces, or the present eruption of internal fire; indeed, one great authority has indicated that everything on the surface of our satellite is in precisely the same state of *sharpness* as it was left at the close of the last great volcanic outburst.

While astronomers thus deprive the moon of that covering—an atmosphere—which ministers to us all that is graceful, beneficial, and even indispensable to our present existence, they adduce as their reason for so doing certain optical phenomena, perhaps without sufficiently considering that the denser portion of the moon's atmosphere, if it exists, must be so excessively thin, as compared with her radius, as to render it extremely difficult to detect evidences of it *dependent on refraction*. It does not, however, follow that the appearance of a star at the time of occultation or the distortion of the figure of a planet under similar circumstances should be the only evidences of the existence of a lunar atmosphere. To us it appears that much more powerful indications not only of a former but of a present atmosphere exist in certain arrangements that can be traced in what are called *imperfect* craters; in the extensive distribution of the ringed craters; in the exceedingly numerous craters of a smaller size invariably characterized by highly reflective interiors, suggestive of the escape of *acid vapours*; in the variation of colour and tint, especially of the *darker* tracts, such colours passing through all their changes in a lunar day, and being clearly dependent on the elevation of the sun above the horizon. These phenomena, with others, are among those that demand close attention in the observer, especially if he desire to reply to the question at the head of this article—has the moon an atmosphere?

We have very frequently contemplated, both at the lunar sun-rise and sun-set, the surfaces of some of the darker lunar tracts, such as the Mare Crisium, the Mare Tranquillitatis, the Mare Serenitatis, and the dark-floored Plato, and have been particularly struck with the remarkable smoothness of their surfaces so exceedingly unlike the rougher portions, the rugged mountainous tracts glowing in the sun's rays as molten silver, and casting their black shadows on the objects around. Traversed here and there with soft ridges, similar in most instances to gently rising mounds, casting shadows, it is true, but not of that intense blackness which is found amongst the shadows of the mountain masses, the darker tracts of the moon are clearly separable from the lighter in a physical point of view. Most of them are *nearly* surrounded by ranges of mountains. The Crisian Sea has been adduced as an example of a *depressed* hollow surrounded on *all* sides by mountains. We have carefully examined it, and find it is not fully entitled to this description. It has a range of mountains on its eastern border of considerable elevation, but its surface, which at sun-rise and sun-set is extremely smooth, with the exception of the ridges before alluded to, can be most easily traced, running amongst the insulated rocks to the west, so that, instead of this hollow having a mountainous border on the west, the mountains in that direction rise as isolated, although numerous, peaks from its surface. Many are the interesting phenomena presented by this dark spot as the lunar day advances; the green tint very apparent at early morn passes into a greenish grey, and towards mid-day the observer cannot fail to notice a most unsettled appearance creeping over the surface; it is no longer smooth as seen at an earlier epoch, but mottled with numerous minute white points on an otherwise grey ground. The craters on and near it are indistinct—very few, if any, lunar craters have that sharpness of outline, when seen under the mid-day illumination which characterize them at early morning, or just before sun-set—a peculiar white, *cloud-like* appearance, unconnected with any permanent marking in the surface,

is seen not far from the central part of the Crisian Sea, westward of the crater Picard. It is of no very definite form, and hovers like a mist over a particular region. Towards midday the Mare Serenitatis becomes darker than its neighbours, and is clearly separable from the Mare Tranquillitatis on the S.W., and the Palus Putredinis on the E., by two well-defined steppes, indicative of its being *lower* than the Tranquillitatis, and higher than the Putredinis. While thus physically separated by level, it is also optically separated by colour; it is a region by itself, having its own peculiar phenomena, which run through all their changes in the period of a lunar day, and are repeated every time the sun illuminates its surface. The dark-floored Plato again manifests several changes of appearance as the day advances and declines; its surface, at first extremely smooth, presents similar changes of colour to those exhibited by the Maria Crisium and Serenitatis, as well as the same unsettledness of appearance; its rampart, crowned by four needle-like pinnacles, is brought out with admirable sharpness under the morning and evening illuminations. Every minute ravine and projecting crag is seen with remarkable distinctness; but this distinctness is lost at mid-day. The floor of an inky blackness, surrounded by the summit of the mountainous ring—which contrasted with the dark floor is a bright white—is all that is seen of Plato under this illumination. Various markings have been seen on the floor, but no two observers agree respecting them.

Beer and Madler record four lighter stripes crossing the crater from north to south. Webb gives a somewhat chequered surface, and we have observed a brighter diagonal streak of a cloud-like character *changing its direction with the sun*. It is difficult to explain all these phenomena; and some hypothesis is necessary. Is it one that ignores or recognizes an atmosphere? On what does the change of colour depend? Some astronomers have suggested that the darker tracts are regions covered with vegetation. It is clear the tints reflected from the lunar surface are dependant on three conditions; they may be tints characteristic of the bare surface, reflecting the colours of the material of that surface, and would be thus more or less permanent; or they may be tints characteristic of a *superficial* covering, and would vary as that covering varies, sometimes more, sometimes less intense; or they may depend on a mixture of both, a tract of country having but a scanty covering, with here and there patches entirely bare. It is very difficult to conceive the surface of the Maria, or of a spot similar to Plato, undergoing a change of tint if it were destitute of an atmosphere. Still more difficult is it to explain the unsettled appearances which creep over the surfaces of the Maria without an atmosphere. The effect of long continued sunshine on some tints is that of *fading*; while, on the living vegetable, the *green* tint is perceptibly and unmistakably *darkened* by the sun's rays. Is this the secret of the darkening of the Maria and dark-floored craters? Greens, we know, if removed to a distance, appear as blacks, especially the darker shades. If this really be the darkening cause, some kind of atmosphere must be necessary to support the vegetation, and water also must in some form be there; for, according to our experiences, water is an essential element in vegetation. The amount of water exhaled from the surfaces of *our* forests is immense, and if the darker lunar tracts be forest bearers, then we have an exhalation of aqueous vapour which may be *occasionally* condensed above the forests, not perhaps of sufficient depth or thickness to obscure entirely objects that appear with great distinctness through the clear atmospheres of the lunar mornings and evenings, yet sufficiently so to render them indistinct and difficult for the astronomer to focus—a complaint of not unfrequent occurrence even with reference to some of the larger rough-floored craters. Tycho has been alluded to as often very difficult in this respect under the mid-day illumination.

In this article we have confined our attention principally to the phenomena of the large grey plains; there are, however, other phenomena which tend, we conceive, in the same direction, some of which we have alluded to, such as the exhalation of acid vapours, and the wearing down and disintegration of rocks. A careful series of observations of the crater Plato during the last two years has been suggestive of the existence of various points in the ring now suffering this action. This wearing away could not take place if the moon were destitute of an atmosphere.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

DEATH by poison is, of all others, the most dreaded means of terminating existence. A person in danger of any violent death is generally animated by the consciousness that by a vigorous exertion of physical strength there may yet be left him a chance of existence; and even if the sufferer be aware that he is engaged in a perfectly hopeless struggle for life, the very act of fighting and grappling with danger excites and distracts the mind from a contemplation of his impending fate. There are, however, none of these alleviations to the victim of the gradual but deadly action of poison. Slowly, but certainly, as the shadow moves across the sun-dial, deadly and unerringly as the lightning's flash rends the giant oak, do the fatal forces disorganise his bodily frame. He may be quite aware of the cause and extent of his danger; he may call to his aid all the appliances of wealth, and exhaust all the resources of medical science, but with the great majority of poisonous principles human assistance is unavailing; and when once the deadly influences are at work within him, there is nothing to be done equally for the strong man in all the pride of health and vigour as for the puny sickly child, but to wait hopelessly and helplessly as a spectator, and count the minutes whilst the poison is corrupting the blood and sapping the foundations of life, until the bodily tenement becomes too shattered and decomposed to perform its vital functions any longer, and the breath of life departs.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the murderer by poison is regarded with far more detestation and horror than the coarser and more violent assassin; and that any proposition to kill an enemy even, in actual warfare, by poisonous agencies, is universally denounced with execration by the whole civilized world. Last year, when the battle of the Thames-disinfectants was being fought, the discovery that the favourite deodoriser contained small quantities of arsenic, which would thereby find its way into the river, was quite enough to condemn it, without a trial; and more recently an eminent manufacturing firm, at Stockport, was obliged to be legally restrained from turning their refuse liquor, known to be strongly charged with a virulent poison, into a stream which they were well aware yielded the supply of water, for drinking purposes, to a populous town. The public comments

which were made on each of the above occasions, clearly showed that the popular opinion, in such a point, coincides with our own.

Such being the case, we need not ask what would be the feelings of the public if a manufacturer in a densely populated part of the city of London, were to cast into a well which supplied the inhabitants of the vicinity with water for domestic purposes, so large an amount of a violent and deadly poison, as to seriously endanger the lives of all who partook of it. We will furthermore assume that this poison was of such peculiar properties as to communicate to the water qualities rather agreeable than otherwise, so as to make it preferred to a wholesome beverage, and that the poisonous principle was of such a fearful character as to be combated by no known antidote, and to kill its victims in all the agonies of a terrible and infectious plague, which, when once engendered by the poison, was capable of spreading itself into other localities by its contagious influence.

Our readers will say such a supposition is too monstrous to be worthy of serious attention; no manufacturer, however reckless of the consequences, could be so inhumanly barbarous as to be guilty of such conduct, and we are only trifling with them to raise such a question. We beg to assure them, on the contrary, that we speak quite within bounds; the state of affairs which we have just attempted to pourtray is but a facsimile of what is at any moment liable to break out in very many districts of the metropolis. The wells which are so plentifully distributed in the city and elsewhere are, with one or two exceptions, reeking with the most abominable and disgusting products of corruption which drain into them from the network of sewers and cesspools on every side—corruptions which have frequently been proved to be, as they are liable now, at any moment to become, the immediate cause of Asiatic cholera. This is no fanciful or theoretical danger. In the autumn of 1854 there was a sudden and serious outbreak of cholera in the parish of St. James, Westminster. The course of the disease was confined to a small area in the neighbourhood of a favourite pump, in Broad-street, and soon it was remarked that of seventy-three persons who died during the first days of the visitation, sixty-one had been drinking the water of the pump. It was also remarked, that among persons who were living in the same street, and occasionally in the same house, those only were attacked who drank the favourite water of the pump; and furthermore, in a number of cases, which were particularly investigated, it was ascertained that persons who lived at a distance from the parish, and who had the water sent to them because of its supposed goodness, were seized with cholera, and died.

A full inquiry into all the circumstances of the matter proved that the well had become charged with cesspool drainage, and had thus acquired its poisonous action. The pollution had, perhaps, been going on for years, and yet the water had not betrayed it, and had been drunk with comparative impunity; indeed, its cool and sparkling qualities, the fatal fascinations of corruption, had gained for it such a high repute in the neighbourhood, that it was a favourite water, and was generally drunk. Another such case occurred at West Ham, in Surrey, in the autumn of 1857. Suddenly, at that place, there was a visitation of cholera in a row of sixteen cottages, that were apparently isolated from epidemic influences. It showed itself along one side of the street, where, in a few days, thirteen persons were attacked with the disease, seven of whom died. Dr. Elliott, the Health Officer for the district, suspected, from his inquiries, that the common pump on that side of the street had been concerned in the mischief; its water was therefore examined, and it was found to be polluted with the soakage from an adjoining sewer. At once the use of it was interdicted, and, to make the matter certain, the handle of the pump was taken away, and from that moment the further spread of the disease was arrested. Again: in the cholera visitations of 1848-9 and 1853-4, there were two striking examples of the influence of such water in the propagation of disease. The southern districts of London, comprising nearly a fifth of the population of the metropolis, were visited most severely with cholera at both of those outbreaks, and the persons who suffered most on each occasion were those who drank the worst quality of water.

The inhabitants of those districts are supplied by two rival companies, who obtained their water from the Thames at different parts of its course. In one case the water was charged with a larger amount of organic matter than in the other; and although the conditions of the population were in every other respect, the same, yet this had the effect of augmenting the mortality to a frightful extent. In the second visitation of the disease the circumstances of the supply were changed; the water of the old company, which was once the worst, was then the best, and the severity of the disease was changed likewise; for those who partook of the still bad supply suffered as before, and their mortality was three and a half times greater than their neighbours. Here was an experiment on a large scale, such as "no sceptical philosopher would have dared to propose," in which a large number of persons were placed under circumstances exactly alike, except in one particular, namely, in the use of a water charged to a comparatively small extent with organic pollution, and this determined the result—a mortality of 130 in the 10,000, instead of 37. A similar tale may be told of the cholera visitation of other places in this country. The town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was supplied with comparatively pure water in the year 1849, and it then suffered but little from cholera; whereas in the visitation of 1853, when there was so calamitous a loss of life from this disease, the water supply was made impure by the drainage from the sewers.

These are ample proofs that organic impurity in a drinking water is in fact a violent poison, which, if taken in sufficient amount, produces upon those who use it the disease known as cholera, an attack of this epidemic following the absorption of its specific virus, just as surely as the well-known symptoms follow the exhibition of any of the more commonly met with poisons.

We have already alluded to the public services which Dr. Letheby has rendered in drawing attention to the impurity of the city wells. He has continued his investigations since our last notice of them, and has only found two pumps, those in Glover's Hall-court, and in Guildhall-buildings, which furnish water at all fit for domestic purposes; all the others examined showing an enormous amount of saline and organic impurity. Indeed, from a report which he has just made on the subject, it is difficult to imagine a more dangerous state of existence than is common in many districts of the city. It may be that the water has often been drunk with apparent impunity, and

that it has rarely shown any immediate manifestation of its morbid action; but there is always the danger of the impurities of the soil passing unchanged into the water, and being a source of quick and certain injury.

Experience has shown that wells like these are liable at any moment to receive the leakings from a cesspool or sewer, and thus be the immediate cause of fatal disease. The city wells, in fact, are so many dormant centres of cholera contagion, liable with any accidental cause to break out into active pestilence. Not a day should be lost in removing these fountain-heads of plague, and we most earnestly hope that Dr. Letheby's warning that none of these wells (contaminated as they are with the refuse of drains, and the soakings from graveyards), are fit for public use, will meet with instant attention from the city authorities.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ASTRONOMY.

ENCK'S COMET.*—We announce elsewhere that this comet was observed on the 7th instant at Hartwell, in Dr. Lee's observatory. It is now, therefore, within the reach of instruments of five or six inches' aperture. The following ephemeris for the ensuing week has been reduced to the meridian of Greenwich:

		Mean Midnight at Greenwich.			Apparent Dec.
		Apparent R.A.			
	h.	m.	s.	"	"
Nov. 16	22	40	52.33	+9 32 1.2
" 17	39	26	10	18 37.8
" 18	38	3	12	9 5 28.0
" 19	36	43	37	8 52 32.4
" 20	35	26	84	39 51.4
" 21	34	13	49	27 25.1
" 22	22	33	3.31	+8 15 13.9

M. FAYE ON THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF THE 31ST DEC. NEXT.—This illustrious French astronomer has recently communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences, calling attention to an experiment which, taken in connection with the spectrum discoveries of Kirchhoff and Bunsen, will be one of immense interest and importance. This consists of the observation of the spectrum of the corona with which the moon will be surrounded during the time of totality in the coming eclipse, in order to see whether the corona presents or not the inversion of the solar spectrum, or, in other words, whether the light of the corona exactly resembles the light of the sun, showing the dark spaces called Fraunhofer's lines, or shows only these lines as light bands on a dark ground. We are told that the photosphere of the sun would give us by itself a continuous spectrum, and that such spectrum is presented only by liquid or solid bodies; from this we must conclude that the sun is a solid or liquid incandescent body throwing out rays of all refrangibilities; further than this, as some of these rays are absorbed, giving rise to the appearances called Fraunhofer's lines, and as these lines, or dark spaces, correspond exactly to the bright bands of the vapours of sodium, iron, magnesium, &c., it is stated that the sun is surrounded by an atmosphere in which these metals exist in a state of vapour and by which atmosphere, therefore, the light has been absorbed. Arago, from experiments, proving the absence of all polarisation in the light emitted from the edge of the sun, announced that the bright part of that luminary was neither a solid nor a liquid but an incandescent gas. This experiment but little accords with M. Kirchhoff's hypothesis; but, leaving it out of the question, there are other arguments in favour of this gaseous constitution which have ever had great weight with philosophers. Taking into consideration the light and heat constantly given off, an incessant communication between the interior and exterior is rendered necessary to account for its constant emission. The very low mean density of the sun's mass is another argument, while the rapidity with which spots and faculae present themselves and disappear, and the continual motion of every part of the solar surface, appear to require something less fixed than a solid or even a fluid.

The first question, then, which presents itself, is this:—Is it absolutely necessary, in order to reconcile observed phenomena with the spectrum requirements, that the photosphere should be either a solid or a liquid in an incandescent state? Leaving this question, and passing on to one more apropos of the eclipse, M. Faye inquires into the nature of this atmosphere, which, containing metals in a state of vapour, hypothetically surrounds the sun, and he draws attention to the appearances which should be presented during a solar eclipse, when in consequence of the moon hiding the photosphere from us, the atmosphere should be seen like a ring, with an edge more or less defined, decreasing more or less, but quite regularly, in brightness towards the margin. When we consider that of the comets which are composed of matter of great rarity, and have no light of their own, the part surrounding the nucleus is seen in all its details in consequence of the solar light, we cannot doubt that the atmosphere of the sun should be equally visible, illuminated as it is with the much more powerful rays, which traverse it in addition to its intrinsic light. Now, the actual appearances present in a total solar eclipse are very different from those theory would point out, and M. Faye states his unreserved opinion that the observed appearances are not atmospheric, and prove rather that the real atmosphere is nothing else than the photosphere itself. Remaining ignorant as we do of the law which rules the intensity of the solar rays emerging at different angles, M. Faye considers the arguments drawn from the decrease of brightness near the edge of the disc as of no value. He then brings under our notice, on the other hand, the great rarity and enormous volume of comets, and the manner in which they circulate round the sun in the region hypothetically occupied by this atmosphere, and the wonderful manner in which the smallest change on the surface of the sun, the spots and the faculae, even on the very limbs are seen, although on the neighbouring planets with their infinitely calmer atmosphere, the details of their figure on the edge of the disc are always confused and ill defined.

These are among the reasons, which, previously to the discoveries of M. Kirchhoff, negatived, in M. Faye's opinion, this solar atmosphere; these discoveries, however, have put the subject on a different footing, having rendered

* In the elements of this comet given in our number for the 2nd instant, for $344^{\circ} 30' 50''$, the longitude of the ascending node, read $334^{\circ} 30' 50''$.

it susceptible of direct proof. If, for instance, the spectrum of the corona—that is, of the proper light of the corona, without taking into consideration the solar light reflected by it—which will be visible on the 31st proximo, presents the inversion of the solar spectrum; in other words, if Fraunhofer's lines are replaced by bright bands on a dark ground, the question will be settled, and the solar atmosphere will be a fact definitely acquired to science. In the contrary case, we shall be compelled to admit that the absorption of the light which gives rise to the effect of Fraunhofer's lines, operates in the photosphere itself, of which the surface does not emit all the rays, but which without doubt contributes in part to the sun's light. However the experiment may result, it is not impracticable, for it has been already once made. In 1842, M. Fusinieri, of Vicence, examined the spectrum of the corona, but with other ends in view; it does not appear that he noticed the rays to which so much importance has been since attached. But Fusinieri noted that the green portion of the spectrum was entirely wanting, whence one may conclude that the brilliant bands of magnesium, which should have replaced the three lines *b* of Fraunhofer were not visible in the non-continuous spectrum of the corona. All, we take it, will agree with M. Faye, in the vast importance of his proposed experiment, and it is to be hoped that the opportunity presented by the coming eclipse, of which the totality lasts for nearly two minutes in the North of Africa, will not be lost. Should this eclipse be observed, and observed as well as the last, and this additional point be taken into consideration, the years 1860 and 1861 will be made memorable in the astronomical annals of the world.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

OXYGENATED WATER.—Under this title M. Ozanam announces a substance which he considers of great therapeutic value, prepared by him of distilled water charged with oxygen under high pressure, forming a mechanical mixture, and not a chemical combination, as is the case with other substances of nearly the same name. Oxygen is but sparingly soluble in water, so, in spite of the high pressure employed, proportions similar to those of the carbonic acid in seltzer water were far from being obtained. The analysis of the gas contained in the best preserved bottles gives half a volume, while in those exposed to the air it varies from one-twentieth to one-fourth of a volume. This water is perfectly limpid and pure, the gas goes off in the form of small bubbles, without persistent froth, rather unpleasant to the taste; it resembles in this respect water deprived of air. Its action is favourable in gout, and perhaps scrofula, but in all inflammatory diseases it is rather hurtful than otherwise.

A NEW YELLOW PIGMENT.—Artists will be glad to learn that a new and important yellow pigment has just been introduced under the name of aureolin, which will be found to be a most valuable addendum to the palette. It is of a splendid yellow colour of rich and brilliant hue, and possesses the invaluable and long sought for combination of qualities—brilliancy, permanency, and transparency. Its tints are very pure in tone, the lighter ones being extremely delicate and clear: to scientific men it is of interest, as being a nearer approach to the pure colour of the solar spectrum than any other known yellow. Aureolin mixes well with all other colours, forming with blues a magnificent range of brilliant greens; and by the side of ultramarine and madder-red, it completes a triad of brilliant, permanent, and transparent primitive colours. It is absolutely permanent, being equally unaffected by long continued exposure to the sun's rays or to the action of the impure gases which may contaminate the atmosphere.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE ANTICIPATED.—In a French book, "Les Fables de Fénelon," which was apparently written for the education of the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV., is an interesting narrative, entitled "Voyage Supposé," 1690. Amongst the wonders of which the fable is made up, we read—

" Il n'y avait aucun peintre dans tout le pays, mais quand on voulait avoir le portrait d'un ami, un beau paysage, ou un tableau qui représentait quelque autre objet, on mettait de l'eau dans de grands bassins d'or et d'argent; puis on opposait cette eau à l'objet qu'on voulait peindre. Bientôt l'eau, se congelaient devenait comme une glace de miroir, où l'image demeurait ineffaçable. On l'emportait où l'on voulait, et c'était un tableau aussi fidèle que les plus poli glaces de miroir."

The noble Fénelon, when he wrote the above, was far from thinking that such a fabulous wonder would one day be a sober reality.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SAFETY LAMP.—M. Dubrulle, of Lille, lately invented a piece of mechanism by which the wick was drawn down into the oil and extinguished by the act of opening the lantern. Lamps upon that system were adopted in the mines of Auzin, but it was soon found that after the lamp had been extinguished by opening it the miner could easily light it again with a lucifer-match and work with it open. A mechanic of Auzin, M. Sermusiaux, has, however, now effected an improvement. He closes the lamp by the action of a small pneumatic apparatus, so that it cannot be opened without the use of an air-pump, an instrument the workman can scarcely have at his command in the mine. The *Courrier du Nord* states that the new lamp has been submitted to the examination of several competent persons who report in its favour.

RAIN FOLLOWING THE DISCHARGE OF ORDNANCE.—Some curious data respecting this phenomenon have been collected by Mr. J. C. Lewis. He states that in October, 1825, he took note of a very copious rain that immediately followed the discharge of ordnance during the celebration of the meeting of the waters of Lake Erie and the Hudson upon the completion of the Erie canal; and in 1841 he published continuous observations on the subject which seemed to establish the fact that the discharge of heavy artillery at contiguous points produces such a concussion that the vapour collects and falls generally in unusual quantities the same day or the day following. The early battles of the late war between France and Austria were succeeded by such copious rains that even small rivers were not fordable; and during the great battle of Solferino, a storm arose of such fierceness that for the time the conflict ceased. Within the last month or so McClellan's columns on the Upper Potomac fought four different battles on as many days, and there were extensive rains before the close of each day. On July 21st, the battle of Bull Run was fought, and the next day the rain was copious all day and far into the night. A more exact and extensive collection of such data as these may lead to important results, both in theory and practice.

LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

The Royal Astronomical Society commenced their present session on the 8th instant, Dr. Lee, of Hartwell, the President, in the chair. The business of the meeting, which was a very full one, was commenced by the announcement of a great number of presents, some of them of great scientific value.

Colonel Schaffner, Kentucky, U.S.A., was elected a fellow.

Mr. Warren de la Rue then announced that two drawings of Mars made by him from data collected during several months' observation in the year 1856, had been engraved on steel, and were ready for distribution among the members of the society who might wish for copies. These drawings surpass in execution even the exquisite delineations given by Father Secchi, in his last volume of the Memoirs of the Roman College. Some of the later results of Mr. De la Rue's labours in solar photography were also laid before the meeting, and afterwards distributed. These consisted of photographs of spots taken on an enormous scale, showing not only each minute detail of the spot itself, but the surrounding solar surface covered with Nasmyth's "Willow leaves." Mr. De la Rue briefly called attention to these wonderful records of the physical action going on on the surface of that luminary, whence the only motive power that we possess is derived. He looked upon them as instances of the wonderful power and accuracy of which photography is capable, the recording celestial phenomena, and stated his opinion that great though the results already obtained are, the inexhaustible resources and immense value of the application of photography to celestial observation are only dawning upon us.

The difficulties met with in this field of research, in which Mr. De la Rue is at once the pioneer and so celebrated an investigator, were next briefly alluded to. Disappointments from weather, disappointments from unaccountable changes in the chemicals employed are among the least of the evils. The image of the sun at the focus of his instrument was but one inch and one-tenth in diameter, while in the photographs before the meeting some of the spots alone were almost of that size; the focal image, therefore, had been enlarged, and in this enlargement lay the chief difficulty to be contended with, the rules of refraction of the luminous rays having been found not to hold good for the actinic rays, which are stated by Mr. De la Rue to extend beyond the visible spectrum for a space equaling in extent the visible spectrum itself. These photographs show that these difficulties, noticed by Mr. De la Rue in his report to the British Association, are in a fair way of being overcome. A valuable discovery has already resulted from this class of observations, and was announced by Mr. De la Rue. This is that the faculae or brightest parts of the solar photosphere are *above* the general level of its surface.

Later in the evening, the accuracy of which the photographic method of observation is capable, was strikingly illustrated by an examination of the places of the sun and moon in the last solar eclipse, as recorded by the photographs illustrating the five phases, and as given by calculation. The differences were generally within a small fraction of a second, and in one instance the element assumed in the calculations was called in question by the discordant result arrived at, in which the photographic process was apparently not at fault.

A communication was then read from Mr. Howlett accompanying some exquisitely finished drawings of sun spots, taken between November 15th, 1860, and October 31st of the present year. The series consisted of upwards of 270 drawings, and Mr. Howlett points out that the wonderful commotion of 1859-60 is now calming down, apparently obeying the eleven years' cycle which has been previously observed. The action during the present year was most intense during the latter parts of the months of March, April, and May—a fact recorded at the time in this journal.

The President then announced that he had received a communication to the effect that Encke's comet had been observed in the Hartwell instrument on the previous evening.

Mr. de la Rue stated that the solar eclipse of the 31st of December of the present year had been re-calculated by Mr. Hind, using Hansen's lunar tables, and that it had been found that the direction of the line of totality, and the totality itself, lasting for 1 minute and 43 seconds, made its observation easier and more desirable than had been at first supposed.

A communication from M. D'Abardie on the last solar eclipse was then read, as also a letter from Professor Hansen, promising the publication of the calculations on which his lunar tables are based, and announcing further theoretical approximations to the moon's observed motion. Several notices of this year's comet from different parts of the world were announced.

Mr. Carrington stated that shortly after the June meeting, the President had communicated with the Government on the subject of a grant to enable Captain Jacob to resume, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, on the hills near Simla, in India, the "astronomer's experiment," commenced by Professor Piazzi Smythe, at Teneriffe. The sum of £1,000 has been placed at the disposal of the Astronomical Society, and is now in the hands of their treasurer; and the instrument to be employed by Captain Jacob, a refractor of nine inches' aperture, and short focal length for convenience of transit, which is being constructed by the eminent opticians, Messrs. Cooke & Sons, of York, is now nearly furnished.

Mr. Birt, after having exhibited a model of the instrument used by him for comparing the colours of the lunar surface, communicated a paper on the present state of the lunar crater Cichus, and solicited attention to the fact that while Beer and Madler's map of the moon furnished a generally correct idea of the lunar inequalities, there were many minute points, and some even of larger magnitude, not represented by the great selenographers; others again, which, very conspicuous on the map, are now with difficulty detected. The observations, which we understand have been made with the Hartwell refractor, were accompanied by two sketches, showing the crater and surrounding objects under the morning and evening illuminations.

Mr. Birt also presented to the Society a bound volume containing the whole of his observations on the interesting crater Plato made to the end of July last. This volume, arranged so as to form a complete ephemeris of the ever-varying appearances observed under the different angles of illumination, is among the most valuable monographs that have yet appeared on the topography of any part of the surface of our satellite. The attention of the Fellows was directed to an improved barometer, by means of which the rise and fall of the mercury could be made to show itself on a scale of ten or

twelve feet to the inch. The instrument was highly spoken of by Mr. Glaisher, who had tried it. A paper was read by Major Grange, on a new construction which he recommends for theodolites.

Geological Society of London, November 6, 1861.—Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P.G.S., in the Chair. The following communications were read:—1. “Note on the Bone-Caves of Lunel-Viel, Herault.” By M. Marcel de Serres. These bone-caves in Miocene limestone on the Mazet estate, near Montpellier, discovered about 1823, and described in 1839 by MM. Marcel de Serres, Dubrueil, and Jean-Jean, comprise a large cave and some smaller fissures, containing a red earth, with pebbles and an abundance of bones and coprolites, of Hyena, Lion, Bear, Wolf, Fox, Otter, Boar, Beaver, Rhinoceros, Horse, Deer, Ox, &c., with Birds and Reptiles. The author expressed his belief anew that the association of pebbles with the bones in caves is a common phenomenon, and an evidence of the accumulation of the materials, gnawed bones and coprolites included, by the running water of violent inundations; the caverns being of Tertiary origin; the detritus being contemporary with the old alluvium of the Rhone; and the fauna indicated by the bones having been antecedent to the latter.

2. “On the Petroleum-springs in North America.” By Dr. A. Gesner, F.G.S.—After some observations on the antiquity of the use of mineral oil in North America and elsewhere, and on the present condition of the oil and gas-springs and the associated sulphur and brine springs in the United States, the author stated that 50,000 gallons of mineral oil are daily raised for home-use and for exportation. The oil-region comprises parts of Lower and Upper Canada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, and California. It reaches from the 65th to the 128th degree of long. W. of Greenwich, and there are outlying tracts besides. The oil is said to be derived from Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous rocks. In some cases the oil may have originated during the slow and gradual passage of wood into coal, and in its final transformation into anthracite and graphite; the hydrogen and some carbon and oxygen being disengaged, probably forming hydro-carbons, including the oils. In other cases, animal matter may have been the source of the hydrocarbons. Other native asphalts and petroleums were referred to by the author, who concluded by observing that these products were most probably being continually produced by slow chemical changes in fossiliferous rocks.

3. “Notice of the Discovery of some additional Land Animals in the Coal-measures of the South Joggins, Nova Scotia.” By Dr. J. W. Dawson, F.G.S. Two additional fossil stumps of trees have been examined by the author from the same group of the Coal-measures as that which has already afforded Reptilian, Molluscan, and Myriapodal specimens. These trees stand on the 6-inch coal in Group XV. One (*Sigillaria Brownii*) has yielded indications of six skeletons of *Dendrerpeton acadianum* (one probably perfect), a jaw of a new species, two skeletons of *Hylonomus Lyelli*, one of *H. Wymani*, a number of specimens of *Pupa retusa* and *Xylobius Sigillariae*, and some remnants of insects (in coprolites). In a lower bed (1,217 feet beneath,—in Group VIII.), a Stigmarian under-clay, 7 feet thick, the *Pupa* was found abundantly in a thickness of 2 inches—with fragments of reptilian bones. The coal-seams between the trees and this bed indicate that this species of *Pupa* must have existed during the growth and burial of at least twenty forests.

4. “On a Volcanic Phenomenon observed at Manilla, Philippine Isles.” By J. G. Veitch, Esq. In a letter to Dr. J. D. Hooker, F.G.S. On the 1st of May, 1861, the River Pasig, at Manilla, from 15 to 18 feet deep, was disturbed by a violent ebullition from 6 to 10 A.M. for a distance extending to a quarter of a mile. Its temperature here was 100° to 105° Fahr. (elsewhere 80°). A bank of fetid mud was thrown up several feet above the water, and had a temperature of 60° to 65° only. The chairman remarked that a bank of mud, 30 feet high, and more than a mile long, had lately been thrown up in the southern portion of the Caspian.

The chairman stated that he had received a letter from J. G. Medlicott, Esq., of the Indian Geological Survey, announcing that a scientific expedition had been set on foot by the Government of India for the exploration of the great mountains of Central Asia. The expedition is to consist of five men of science, and Mr. Medlicott is to be the geologist. They will assemble early in the new year at Almorah, traverse the Himalaya and Karchan Chains, and, proceeding into Tartary, they will explore the Great Thian-Chan; then passing eastwards, they are to return to Hindostan by the Ganges or the Brahmaputra River. The explorers are anxious to receive any suggestions from the members of the Scientific Societies of London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRILLIANT METEOR.

SIR.—Our sky was illuminated last evening by a most magnificent and beautiful meteor, of which I hasten to give you as early an account as possible. About 5h. 45m., G. M. T. (with an uncertainty of 5m. or more), we were walking, a party of three persons, along a wide turnpike road, fully lighted by a moon ten days old, when we were surrounded and startled by an instantaneous illumination, not like lightning, but rather resembling the effect of moonlight suddenly coming out from behind a dark cloud in a windy night; it faded very speedily, but on looking up we all perceived, at a considerable altitude, perhaps 60° or 70°, a superb mass of fire, sweeping onwards and falling slowly in a curved path down the west-south-western sky. Its form was that of a pear, or more precisely an inverted balloon, and its size probably 30' by 15' at first, if not more; but it gradually diminished, and by the time it had attained the middle of its course may not have exceeded 20' by 10'. Its light was a beautiful blue, resembling, though far surpassing in vivid intensity, the hue of the asteroid Flora as we saw it many years ago, shortly after its discovery, with the seven-inch object glass of the great telescope now at Greenwich Naval School. Ruddy sparks, of the colour of glowing coals, were left behind at its smaller end, and its path was marked by a long pale streak of little permanency. Its termination, unfortunately, was concealed by boughs of trees, among which, however, it was traced till possibly some 10° above the horizon, but it had previously undergone a great diminution.

Its general course was inclined 15° or 20° to the right of a vertical circle, but the angle progressively decreased, and must have been very small towards

the last. When first seen, it must have been near the body of Cygnus, and thence it followed, as nearly as could be estimated in so great a surprise and

so strong a moonlight, the track of the west branch of the Galaxy, between Atair and Ophiuchi. The whole duration may have been as much as five seconds. Its aspect was decidedly that of a liquefied and inflamed mass, and the immediate impression was that of rapid descent; but as its apparent magnitude diminished so much, with little comparative change of form, it is not improbable that it was in reality moving in a course not greatly inclined to the surface of the earth. The spot where it was observed is about two miles north-east of the town of Hay, South Wales. I enclose a sketch of its general aspect made by my wife, who was one of the fortunate spectators. You will no doubt receive other accounts of it, and I trust fuller ones, as I hope some observer may have witnessed the first blaze overhead, which must have been truly splendid, since its light had faded into common moonlight

before any one of our party had caught sight of the falling mass. Had the night been dark, the effect would have been truly awful.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
Hardwick Parsonage, Herefordshire, Nov. 13, 1861. T. W. WEBB.

SIR.—I have come in this moment from viewing one of the most brilliant meteors I have ever seen, to write you the following account of it:—I am no astronomer in the least degree, so you must pardon my display of ignorance. The course of the meteor was from E.S.E. to W.N.W. by compass, as straight from point to point as possible. The compass used had degrees marked round it, and 59 was the starting point. The “seven stars” were a little northward and eastward of where it first attracted my attention, which it did quite suddenly while looking in S.S.W. direction at a ship in the offing. The duration of its flight was from perhaps one yard, or one and a half southward and west of the “seven stars,” to about the same distance from the earth on the other side of the heavens. Its appearance was very like a Roman candle ball. In size about as big as a cricket ball, steel blue, with red sparks and fire, and a tail tapering off into detached sparks, about two yards long. Its flight, which was low, disturbed the rookery, which is not yet quiet. The local time was about 6.3 P.M.; the house time 10 to 8 minutes before 6 o'clock P.M.—I enclose my card, and am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Oxwich, 6.16 P.M., Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1861. S. G. L.

SOLAR PHENOMENA.

SIR.—In noting the changes that hourly affect the solar spots, I witnessed the following unusual phenomena:—On November 8th were to be seen five spots; three were in a straight line of about 3'—all were cloudy, ill-defined, and penumbraless. At 1 P.M., on the 9th, a hazy penumbral outline appeared; and, on continuing my observation until 2 P.M., I saw the envelope suddenly open over the western spot, rapidly unveiling the whole line, disclosing the spots and penumbras in all their intensity, and, what before appeared three indistinct spots, proved three distinct groups, numbering sixteen spots. There was still an intermittent haze, and on the following day the envelope had again obscured them, though now less dense. This luminous envelope appears to be temporary, and detached from the sun—temporary, because the spots and penumbras are usually well-defined, together with the variation of brilliancy; detached, because the envelope divides and closes, and varies in density, without disturbing penumbra or spot.

There was a brilliant display of aurora borealis on Thursday night, November 7th. The auroral light was visible till midnight, and seen in Bristol and this town.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

Weston-super-Mare, Nov. 12, 1861. W. H. WOOD.

THE TRANSIT OF MERCURY.

SIR.—The planet Mercury was distinctly seen by me for some time between 8 and 9 a.m. on the 12th inst., on its transit across the disc of the sun, and the appearance resembled that shown on the woodcut in THE LONDON REVIEW of Saturday last, except that Mercury evidently travelled, apparently under inversion, towards the upper part of the disc, and not as indicated by the arrow on the woodcut, as seen inverted towards the lower part.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
South Villa, Worcester, Nov. 13, 1861. THOMAS BARRETT.
[Our correspondent evidently used a non-inverting instrument.—ED. L. R.]

DERIVATION OF “EBBESBORNE.”

SIR.—In your impression of the 2nd inst., I notice a Review of Mr. Haigh's works, in which the critic expresses an opinion that the name Ebbesborne seems “likely to be derived from a personal name, Ebba.” May I suggest that the name is taken from a small stream, the Ebele, which has its source at the western end of the village, and, after running through the Chalk Vale, falls, I believe, into the Avon.

In an old charter, I believe of Athelstan, the village is called Eblesburnam. The name Ebbesbourne means, I think, “the valley of the Ebele.”

It is probable that Bowles in his “Hundred of Chalke” has mentioned this derivation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Nov. 11, 1861. WM. TAPRELL ALLEN.

NECROLOGY.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

On Tuesday, the 12th instant, at Lisbon, of typhus fever, aged 24, Don Pedro V., King of Portugal. He was the son of Donna Maria II. and Fernando of Saxe Coburg Gotha, King Consort, and was born September 16, 1837. He succeeded his mother, under the Regency of his father, on the 15th of November, 1853. In the following year he visited London, and was for some days a guest of Her Majesty, whom he accompanied to the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He attained his majority in 1855. In 1858 he married her Royal Highness the Princess Stephanie Frederica Wilhelmina of Hohenzollern, but was left a widower without issue not many months afterwards. He is succeeded on the throne by his next brother Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, who was born October 31, 1838, and who holds a Captain's commission in the Portuguese navy. The Duc d'Orléans, it will be remembered, has only just left our shores as a visitor. The late king's reign was singularly quiet and uneventful, and such as to call for no further remark.

SIR H. DOUGLAS, BART., G.C.B.

On Friday, the 8th inst., at Tunbridge Wells, aged 85, General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., &c., of Carr, co. Perth. The gallant General was the third but eldest surviving son of the late Sir Charles Douglas, first baronet, by his second wife, Sarah, daughter of John Wood, Esq., and was born at Gosport, Hants, in the year 1776. He received his early education at school, and afterwards at the Royal Military College, at Woolwich. We find him serving in Portugal and Spain in the campaigns of 1808 and the following year, and present at Corunna under Sir John Moore. He also bore a part in the unfortunate Walcheren expedition, and served again in Spain with Lord Wellington's army in the campaigns of 1811 and 1812, and received the order of the Cross of Charles III., which he obtained the royal permission to wear in addition to his English orders. He also held several important posts in the civil administration of our dependencies, having been Governor of New Brunswick from 1823 till 1829, and having discharged the office of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, together with the command of the forces, between the years 1835 and 1840. Sir Howard, who succeeded to the family honours at the death of his elder brother in 1809, was for many years one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber in the household of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester, by whom he was highly esteemed throughout life. In December, 1832, and again in December, 1835, Sir Howard Douglas contested the borough of Liverpool, though without success, as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party; he again fought the battle in the early part of 1842, when he succeeded in obtaining the seat vacated by Sir Cresswell Cresswell on his elevation to the judicial bench. He continued to sit for Liverpool until the dissolution in 1846, when he retired from public life, and did not seek a renewal of the trust which he had received at the hands of his constituents. Sir H. Douglas was formerly a Commissioner of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and was frequently consulted by Her Majesty's Government upon sanitary, educational, and other questions connected with the army. He obtained, in 1841, the Colonely of the 99th Regiment of Foot, and was transferred to the Colonely of the 15th Foot in 1851. He was created a K.C.B. at the close of the war, a Grand Cross of the order of St. Michael and St. George on undertaking the government of the Ionian Islands, and promoted to the full rank of G.C.B. in 1841. He also received the degree of an Honorary D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, in 1829. Sir Howard Douglas was also a Fellow of the Royal, and of several other scientific and literary societies, and was well known as the author of many scientific treatises, especially on such practical questions as fortification and gunnery—subjects which occupied his close and constant attention down to the close of his long and active life. Sir Howard married, in 1799, Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Dundas, Esq., but was left a widower about seven years ago. By her he had issue a family of four daughters and six sons, of whom one daughter and three sons survive. His three eldest sons having all died in the service of their country, he is succeeded in the title and estates by his fourth, but eldest surviving son, Major General Robert Percy Douglas, Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, and late Assistant Adjutant-General of the Horse Guards, who was born in 1805, and has been twice married, and has issue by both marriages. The other sons are respectively the Rev. William Frederick Douglas (who is married to a daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B.), and Captain Henry John Douglas, R.N. The family of Sir Howard Douglas are a cadet branch of the noble Scottish house represented by the Earl of Morton, being descended from the sixth Earl of that line. The father of Sir Howard was an eminent naval officer, and he was created a Baronet in 1777, for his services in forcing a passage up the River St. Lawrence to the relief of Quebec in the previous year, during the American War of Independence. He was also Captain of the Fleet in Rodney's action with the Count de Grasse, in 1782.

W. J. McMAHON, Esq.—On Saturday, the 26th ult., at Northampton, aged 50, William John McMahon, Esq. He was the younger son of the late Sir William McMahon, Bart., formerly Master of the Rolls in Ireland, by his first wife, Frances, daughter of Beresford Burston, Esq., and brother of the present baronet; he was born in 1811.

W. LEITH HAY, Esq.—On Monday, the 28th ult., at Haughland, near Elgin, N.B., aged 42, William Leith Hay, Esq. He was the second son of Colonel Sir Andrew Leith Hay, of Rannoch, N.B. (formerly M.P. for Elgin, &c., Clerk of the Ordnance, and Governor of Bermuda), by Mary Margaret, daughter of the late W. Clark, Esq. He was born in 1819. His elder brother is Colonel commanding the 93rd Highlanders.

T. J. W. SWETTENHAM, Esq.—On Tuesday, the 5th instant, at 10, York-terrace, Leamington, aged 56, Thomas John Wybault Swettenham, Esq., of Swettenham Hall, co. Chester. He was the only son of the late Millington Eaton Swettenham, Esq., of Swettenham Hall by Margaret, daughter of

Paul Wybault, of Springfield, co. Kilkenny, and was born in 1804. He was educated at Eton. Mr. Swettenham represented a good old Cheshire family, and was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for that county. He married, in 1829, Anne Maria, daughter of the late Colonel Luke Allen, of St. Wolsten's, co. Kildare. He is succeeded in his estates by his nephew, a son of his sister Sarah, who married Michael Warren, Esq., of Sandford's Court, co. Kilkenny.

J. STONE, Esq.—On Saturday, the 2nd inst., at St. Leonards, aged 73, John Stone, Esq., late of the Prebendal House, Thame, and 28, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Buckingham.

CAPTAIN SEALE.—On Monday, September 30th, at Nynee Tal, in the Himalayas, India, aged 31, Captain Frederick Southcote Seale, R.A. He was the youngest son of the late Sir John Henry Seale, Bart., of Mount Boone, near Dartmouth (sometime M.P. for that borough). He entered the Royal Artillery as second lieutenant in 1847, and became captain in 1854.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

John William Sturges, Esq., of Doncaster, Yorkshire, died at his residence on the 9th of August last. His will, which was proved in the London Court, on the 18th ultimo, bears date 21st July, 1851, and probate granted to his relict, Mrs. Harriett Sturges, the sole executrix; Edmund Baxter, Esq., of Doncaster, is appointed trustee in conjunction with his relict. The personal property was sworn under £18,000. This gentleman died possessed of a handsome competency, consisting of realty and personalty. The will is entirely of a family nature, the testator bequeathing his property to his relict for life, with power of disposition; but which, in failure of exercising, is directed to pass to his daughter. In addition to the above bequest the testator has left to his widow an immediate bequest of £500, together with the carriages, plate, furniture, and other effects absolutely. To carry out the above dispositions trustees are appointed, who are empowered, if they think fit, to invest a portion of the property in the Bowring Iron Company in which undertaking the testator was interested and associated. There is only one legacy beyond the £500 above mentioned, consisting of £50 to Edmund Baxter, Esq., the trustee.

John Souter, Esq., of Stanhope Lodge, Dulwich, died on the 27th of August last, leaving personal property to the amount of £20,000. His will bears date 30th of January, 1858, wherein he appointed his relict, Mrs. Mary Ann Souter, and his two daughters, Mary Emma Souter and Selina Souter, executrices. Probate was granted by the London Court to the two daughters only, a power being reserved to the widow to prove hereafter. The will was attested by T. A. Hickley, Esq., solicitor, Temple, and T. Clark, of the office of Messrs. Clowes, solicitors, Temple. Mr. Souter died possessed of real and personal property, which he has bequeathed to his relict and family, with the exception of a legacy of £100 to a niece, and some mourning rings in remembrance of him to a few personal friends. The testator has left to his relict the residue of his estate, real and personal. To his two daughters, Mr. Souter has devised four freehold estates between them. These bequests constitute the entire will, which is comprised within very narrow limits.

David Carruthers, Esq., of the Grondra, parish of Shirenewton, county of Monmouth, died at his residence, having executed his will in 1858, appointing his son, James Proctor Carruthers, Esq., sole executor, to whom probate was granted by the London Court on the 5th instant. The testator was possessed of landed property, and died a widower. The will merely contains bequests to his children. Mr. Carruthers leaves to his son, James P. Carruthers, Esq., his estate of Grondra, with the family mansion, tenements, barns, farm, arable and meadow land, and wood, comprising about 300 acres; also the coppice and woodland called Little Gorra Hill, Mouncton, absolutely, appointing him residuary legatee of all his estate, real and personal. The testator has bequeathed to his two daughters legacies of £1,500 each. These are the only dispositions contained in the will.

Thomas Newnham, Esq., of Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, who died 29th September last, had executed his will on the 29th of March preceding, in which he appointed as executors, Arthur Morgan, Esq., of Stamford-hill, William Farquharson, Esq. (who renounced), and Thomas Law Blane, Esq. (his, the testator's, nephew). Probate was granted on the 1st inst. by the London Court, and the personal property sworn under £30,000, the attesting witnesses being Willoughby J. G. London, Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-Law, and Alfred Howard, Solicitor, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. The testator directs his real estate to be sold, and, together with his personality, invested, to secure two annuities of £300 and £100, and from the residue of the investments to pay to the testator's sister Sophia, the widow of the late Hon. William Cust, the entire interest of the proceeds thereof for her life, and the principal, upon her decease, to be divided into certain proportions between her children, and the sons of his deceased sister, Mrs. Blane.

Henry Frederick Napper, Esq., late of Loxwood, formerly of Laker's Lodge, Wisborough-green, Sussex, who died at Loxwood on the 6th of July last, executed his will in 1857. The surviving executors nominated therein are his son, Henry Frederick Napper, Esq., and his son-in-law, Samuel Sharp, Esq., to whom probate was granted in the London Court on the 24th ult. The personality was sworn under £5,000. This is the will of a country gentleman of great respectability, and although the personality is of small amount, the realty appears to be somewhat considerable, which we infer from the nature of the bequests, which are handsome and liberal. The testator, who survived his wife but a short period, has divided his freehold and leasehold estates in certain proportions between his three sons, leaving to his unmarried daughters liberal pecuniary legacies, and appointing his son, Henry Frederick Napper, Esq., residuary legatee.